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What Sort of PATRIOT Are You?

She saves old papers, tins and strings,
And knits and sews a thousand things,
She toils and spins and worries not,
Our cheery little patriot.

THESE few lines express the patriotic enthusiasm with which Australian women are going about their wartime tasks.

To-day — for women — the role of true patriot calls for calm unselfishness, intelligence, forethought, and sustained high morale.

It is a matter of patience and hard work in the seemingly small detailed jobs for which we are told woman has a particular genius, with an underlying spirit of bravery to hide anxiety for relatives or friends who have gone to the war.

Women have been tacitly appointed managers of morale, and it's up to you to play your part.

Do you go round moaning that your salads are terrible because the war has stopped supplies of Italian olive oil? Or complaining you can't afford imported make-up any more? Or nagging your husband because he will keep the radio on late to hear the war news?

If so, you individually are letting down the nation's morale.

Apart from the active forms of war work such as Red Cross efforts, air raid precautions, signalling and transport, there are other avenues for women's patriotism.

Collecting waste is a ready-made job for women. You don't wear a smart uniform for it, but it's useful.

If you've hoarded old letters and dance programmes for years for sentimental reasons, you can graduate easily as a collector of old saucepans, cigarette packets, silver paper, newspapers for patriotic reasons.

You're justified in becoming a "collecting nagger." Nag your absent-minded men friends to hand over their cigarette packets.

And when your collections have begun to clutter up the house, don't get fed up and in a moment of girlish frenzy put the lot under the copper. Send them along to one of the central war collection organisations.

DID you get an unctuous feeling out of depriving yourself of a new coat or hat this winter?

Or did you go to the other extreme and say, "Money mightn't be any use to us soon, so I might as well have an orgy of spending"?

Both extremes, the economists tell you, are bad for war finances.

Organise your spending and saving. Reckon what percentage of your money (if any) remains for spending after Income Tax and essential outlays have been dealt with, and from this remainder allot a certain share for sane spending and a fair share for possible War Loans and Savings Certificates.

You will then be a comfort not only to your war-worried husband but to industry and the nation's treasury as well.

Practical clothes

BUY good practical clothes that will last next season if necessary, but allow for bright colors, too. Color is good for you and for other people.

Do you carry your weight in the wartime organisations to which you belong?

Do you promise to do a job by a certain time and then ring up in a flutter to say you haven't done it because you've had so many social engagements that you couldn't get round to it?

Do you talk scandal about the inefficiency of the executive?

If it's not true you're a fifth columnist in your own small organisation. If it is true you can do something about it instead of just talking. Use your democratic privileges to unseat the executive and appoint a new one.

Do you grab all the pleasant, spectacular jobs, leaving the dull, small jobs for the less pushful?

If you're a voluntary car driver remind yourself it's just as important to drive a carload of privates to camp as a braided general to the barracks.

And it's just as useful to scrub the floors in the canteen as to appoint yourself lily-white-handed welcome committee at the door—and incidentally good for your figure.

Perhaps you're one of the hundreds of women whose specialised training entitles you to wear a uniform.

And very nice you look in it, too. But don't swank, you're only one member of the army that's helping to win the war.

And don't rest on your laurels. Keep your training that put you into uniform up to a 100 per cent. standard, so that you'll be more useful if your services are needed.

Knit—and knit!

HOW about the knitting standard you set yourself of one pair of socks a week?

There's been a suspicious slither of silk and satin behind the clatter of the knitting needles lately.

Women are saying: "I simply must make some new underwear. Mine are nearly in rags."

New underwear you must have. You'll feel last winter's suit looks less shabby if you know it covers something new and exotic in peach satin and lace.

But don't put so much handwork into them, and **don't** steal your knitting time for your personal sewing.

Then there's Rumor, which fairly or unfairly the world labels "Dame," thereby making it a member of our sex.

Don't take a fiendish delight in destroying other people's optimism by passing on the pronouncements of other people's defeatism.

And don't be Broadcaster No. 1 of the very latest rumor. You'll probably find someone else has got in first with it anyway.

All of these are little things, but they add up to an impressive total.

You may be only an obscure, unheard-of worker, but if you're doing it well you are, metaphorically, draped in the Union Jack and the Australian flag, with a gleaming sword in hand—a true patriot.

"They leaned over the rail together and watched the moonlight on the water. There was magic in the night —and love was there."

It can come true for YOU!

Love like this is not reserved for fiction — it is the right of every girl. Women who find such happiness are not always the most beautiful—but those who know how to look fascinating and well-groomed, with a petal finish to their skin. For even an ordinary complexion can be transformed by Erasmic Face Powder.

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ERASMIC FACE POWDER 1/-

E.J.27e

Let's Talk Of Interesting People

LT.-COLONEL G. D. SHAW
"Be prepared"

"'BE PREPARED' is my motto," says Lieut-Colonel G. D. Shaw, recently appointed director of Air Raid Precautions for South Australia.

He has already complete plans for air-raid shelters in metropolitan areas. Precautionary measures include appointment of a Chief Air Warden, with 900 wardens throughout the State.

MRS. V. C. HOLYMAN
Air housekeeping

HOUSEKEEPING in the air is Mrs. V. C. Holyman's description of her job. From her office at Essendon airport, Melbourne, she directs activities of all air hostesses in Australia, and plans all meals served on planes and at the Essendon passenger hostel. "I trained at airports in England, Holland and America," she says.

She also flies to interstate airports to supervise work there.

SIR HARRY BROWN
Co-ordinates works

RECENTLY appointed Co-ordinator General for Works, Sir Harry Brown has the task of submitting test recommendations to the Loan Council. Upon these the Council will frame its borrowing programme for civil works.

A former Director General of Posts and Telegraphs, Sir Harry has recently been "lent" to the Commonwealth Government by British General Electric Company.

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Poignant drama of Thornton war twins

Peter

Paul

The story of Peter and Paul

In a Sydney hospital are twin cots in which two happy babies kick and crow in well-fed contentment. Officially they are Baby Thornton I and Baby Thornton II.

But the nurses call them Peter and Paul, and the world knows them sympathetically as the babies whose mother's death in bringing them to birth made such poignant headlines in the news. She was a 22-year-old Perth girl with few friends in Sydney. The father, a West Australian wheat-farmer, is in Palestine with the A.I.F.

The entry into the world of the wartime Thornton twins makes pathetic history. But for Hitler and his blitzkriegs possibly they would have been born in Perth, with their father and mother awaiting their advent together in the happy surroundings of civilian life. Instead, Mrs. Marjorie Thornton, a lonely, retiring figure, was married in Sydney last September and stayed on at her Bondi flat after her husband sailed for Palestine. Her cousins in Perth said that although she was invited to return to West Australia and live with them something seemed to tie her to the spot where she last saw her husband.

WHEN the mother took ill in her flat it was only by lucky chance that the landlady came into the room. She found the mother dead, but took prompt action to save the lives of the twins.

The twins were taken to the Royal Hospital for Women, where they will remain until they are three months old.

The authorities can make no arrangements for their future until they receive instructions from Lance-Corporal Thornton.

It is probable that the children will be adopted by their maternal uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. McDonald, of Guildford, W.A.

Two W.A. trainees at the hospital have offered to accompany the twins to Perth.

The plight of the two motherless babies has touched the hearts of many people.

Several women have offered to adopt them, two women pensioners sent a money gift, and an anonymous donor, calling himself "Uncle Sydney," sent two money-boxes each containing some money.

Hospital pets

THE hospital staff takes a great interest in the twins. They are in the care of Sister Ross and Nurse Weaver.

At Bondi Police Station a daily phone call is made for progress reports on the twins.

"We regard ourselves as unofficial godfathers," said Sergeant Chuck, who arranged for their admission to the hospital.

Peter weighed 7lb. 4oz. at birth, and Paul 6lb. 4oz. Both of them have wavy reddish-brown hair and fine olive skin. Their difference in weight is the only way the nurses can identify them.

The twins are being fed on cooled mother's milk. They are bathed at six in the morning, and have three-hourly feeds, and are massaged with oil once a day.

They sleep through the day in their cots, and were very resentful when they had to be moved to have their photographs taken.

Behind the arrival of the twins at the hospital is a life and death drama that would have ended in the death of one of the twins as well as the mother if it had not been for the resourcefulness of a woman.

Mrs. Thornton boarded with Mrs. Collins, a mother of three children, in the roomy lower ground floor flat of a house in Bondi.

Early in the morning, from her room at the other side of the flat, Mrs. Collins thought she heard a child's cry.

She found Mrs. Thornton almost unconscious on the floor of her bedroom with a baby beside her.

"I covered them up with blankets," said Mrs. Collins, "and rushed for the doctor.

"I collected all the kettles and saucepans I could find that would hold water and put them on the stove.

"When I came back to Mrs. Thornton's room with the doctor, I saw the second baby. I thought it was dead.

"While the doctor attended the mother and the first baby I asked him could I try to bring the other baby round, and he agreed.

"I called my fifteen-year-old daughter Joan, and while she kept pouring more hot water I bent over a basin for three-quarters of an hour holding the baby in the water. At last its little arms moved and we knew it was alive. Joan was as thrilled as I was.

NURSE WEAVER cares for the babes.

Reserved girl

"MARJORIE was a happy, big, strong girl. She was quite one of the family, but she was a reserved girl and never discussed personal matters with us.

"Because she never talked about any arrangements she had made, I took it for granted she had made her plans with her friend, Mrs. Davies, with whom she stayed before she came to me. They were such close friends that she always called Mrs. Davies 'Mum.'"

Mrs. Collins goes out to work every day as a cook, and her pretty daughter is a kindergarten teacher.

"Joan got Marge her breakfast every morning," said Mrs. Collins, "and we always left food in the flat so that she would not need to go out shopping."

Mrs. Thornton's possessions have been removed from the flat, but a book she was reading the night before her babies were born, "Anne's House of Dreams," by L. M. Montgomery, was still at the bedside.

The windows of the flat look out over the Pacific where Mrs. Thornton must have seen her husband's troopship sail by.

Until the police and Public Trustee hear from Mrs. Thornton's relatives, their information about her brief, tragic life story will be incomplete.

She was the only daughter of the late Mr. H. C. Banks and Mrs. Banks, of Perth. Her mother is associated with the Salvation Army, and it was at her request that the Salvation Army in Sydney arranged Mrs. Thornton's funeral.

Mrs. Thornton came to Sydney more than a year ago and stayed at Mrs. Collins' house with Mrs. Davies and her daughter. When Mrs. Davies' daughter married, they left the house and Mrs. Thornton stayed on.

Mrs. Collins often saw her husband before and after he enlisted, and describes him as a fine-looking young man, and a devoted husband.

"Marge was often busy knitting white wool, which I imagine was baby clothes, but because she was a reserved type of girl I did not ask about them."

Mrs Thornton's father was famous Australian Rules footballer "Darky" Banks.

He played for Fitzroy (Vic.) about 1920 and was the idol of the crowds.

Later he played with the South Fremantle team.

"'DETTOL' doesn't hurt me Mummy—"

'Dettol', although so powerful and deadly to germs, is non-poisonous and will not harm the tender skin of a child. It can be used freely and fearlessly because it is harmless to everything but *germs*. 'Dettol' doesn't stain clothes, and has a fresh, delightful smell. Keep it always handy —for injuries, as a spray, and in the bath water — to guard you and your children against infection.

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'DETTOL'
THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC

Reckitts (Over Seas) Ltd. (Pharmaceutical Dept.), Sydney

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MR. NORMAN McLEOD, of York, S.A., making an evening frock for his sister. His wife and daughter Janet look on.

THIS MAN SEWS for his wife and baby

Dressmaking is hobby of motor trimmer

By Our Adelaide Representative.

Introducing Mr. Norman McLeod—motor trimmer by day, dressmaker by night.

Mr. McLeod, who lives at York, Adelaide, South Australia, regards his dressmaking as a spare-time hobby. Yet he makes all his wife's clothes and smocks for his little daughter Janet.

AS a trimmer in a big motor-body-building works Mr. McLeod spends his days putting doors on cars, fitting in arm-rests, fixing screen retainers and fitting in draught piping.

An interesting indication of Mr. McLeod's versatility is his hands. He has broad, practical palms, with long, artistic fingers. He plays the violin, paints, and is a keen billiards player.

"I have always been fond of sewing," he told me when I went to see him.

He has a special hobby room. Almost filling it is what used to be Mr. McLeod's billiard table. He has had a top put on it to convert it into a sewing table. His billiard cues are all packed away in a cupboard and his sewing machine is to the fore.

Baby Janet sat on the table watching her father make a net evening frock for his sister.

"Janet does that for hours. And when we put her down she runs off with little scraps of material and plays with them. I think she will be fond of sewing, too," said Mrs. McLeod.

The little girl wore a white frock, made and beautifully smocked by her father. Mrs. McLeod was in a lavender tailored afternoon frock, also her husband's work.

She showed me a coat and skirt for herself and several finely smocked frocks for Janet which Mr. McLeod had just made.

"He does them all. Smocking and handwork and machining and everything," she said.

"But I won't do the family's darning," said Mr. McLeod with a smile, as he put his head round the door.

"No, that's my job. And the housework and the gardening, too," said Mrs. McLeod.

One of Mr. McLeod's latest and loveliest efforts in dressmaking is a wedding frock which he made for Miss Florence Gordge, who worked at the motor firm with him. She is now Mrs. Leonard Barnes.

The gown is of white satin embossed with a palm leaf design. Its long flowing skirt and high Medici collar were planned to suit the slender figure of the bride.

Mr. McLeod and Miss Gordge designed this frock together at their work, and then Mr. McLeod made it up.

"I always sketch a frock on paper first. And I have always cut out my own paper patterns," said Mr. McLeod, who, with the enthusiasm he brings to everything he does, has studied dressmaking in its technical detail.

First dress at 12

MR. McLEOD says that he was about twelve years of age when he made his first dress. It was for his sister Mollie and was a school dress. It was of pink woollen material and very simple.

He did not do much more with dressmaking at that time because he took up oil painting and studied that for several years.

After working in a printing office and joinery works, Mr. McLeod transferred to the motoring trade, where he has been ever since.

He took up dressmaking as a hobby again when he was 21.

"Even though I had not done much in those years I was always interested. I never could pass a shop window full of lovely materials without visualising them made up into frocks," he said.

"The first adult frock I made was for my wife. Although she wasn't my wife then. It was six years ago and she was Miss Dorothy Richardson.

"I remember that frock very plainly. She wore it for the first time one night she went out with me. It was made of blue matelasse shirred softly across the shoulders. It had long sleeves draped very fully and taken into a tight cuff."

Three years ago Miss Dorothy Richardson became Mrs. Norman McLeod.

MRS. LEONARD BARNES, formerly Miss Florence Gordge, in the wedding frock made for her by Mr. Norman McLeod.

Baby's frock

BABY JANET arrived 18 months later and Mr. McLeod made the first frock she ever wore. (Other fathers please note!)

"It had rather a history, that frock," he said. "It was made of a piece of material given to me by a woman I helped out with a costume she was making. She seemed in a bit of a bother about it. So I cut it out for her. To thank me, she gave me a lovely piece of silk for my baby's frock.

"I made it up and smocked it finely in pink and blue and it looked very nice," he said.

Mr. McLeod thinks himself that the best frock he has ever made was the wedding gown of his sister-in-law, Mrs. M. Riddell.

"It was made of crepe backed satin with a very long fishtail train.

"It had monk's sleeves, I think you call them. There is an opening in the front where the seam is, and my sister-in-law's arms came through these and the back of the sleeves fell into a long, soft drape."

The evening frock he is making for his sister is of white net with rows of ribbon sewn on every few inches down the skirt, which is very, very full. That is taking quite a long time to do because he can only get at it at night time or occasionally at the week-ends.

Mr. McLeod has made about six wedding and evening frocks.

HOW A CHANCE INCIDENT PROVED — PERSIL WASHES WHITER

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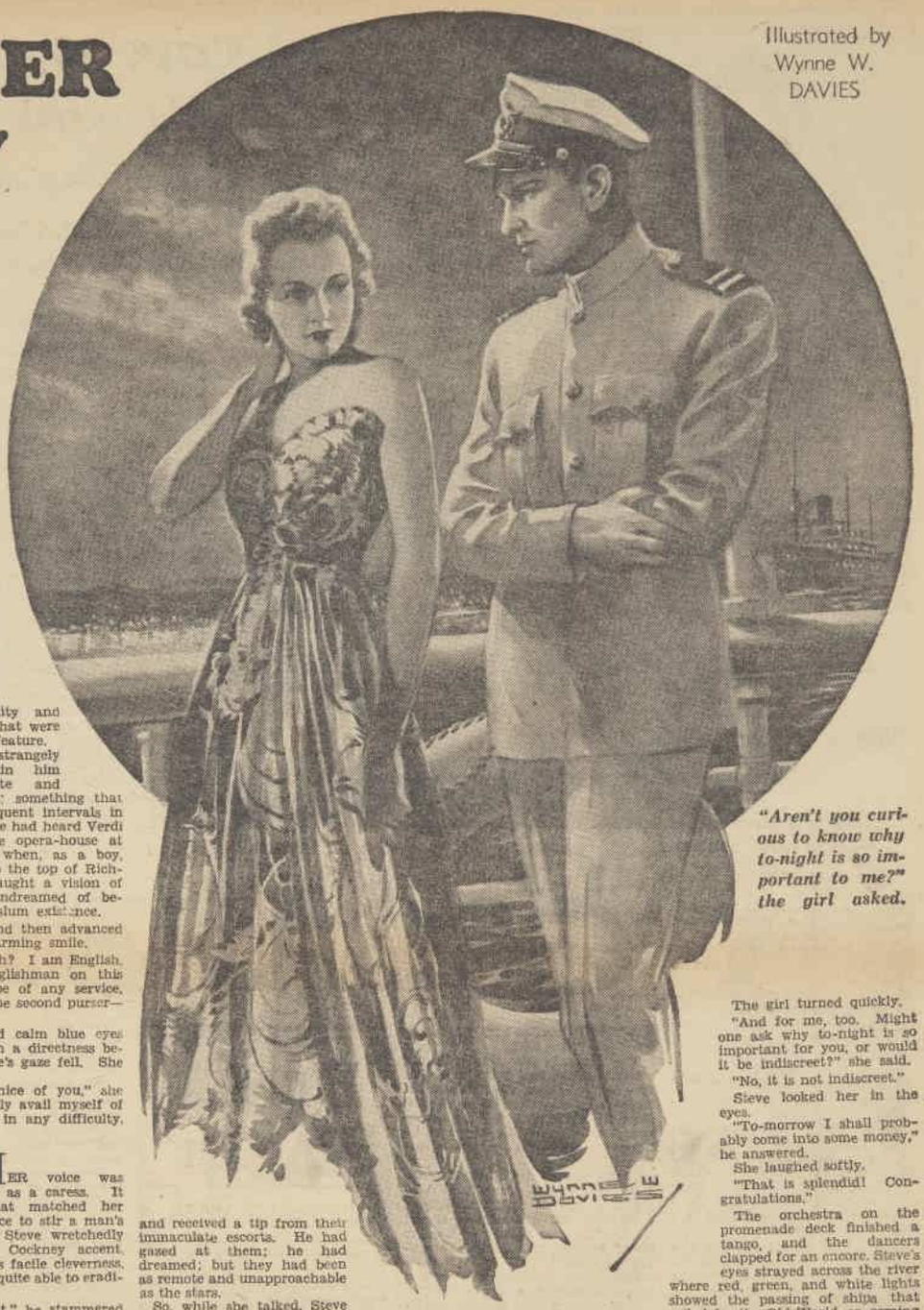
WE NEVER KNOW

Illustrated by Wynne W. DAVIES

Fortune on one hand, renunciation on the other, and it lay with Steve to make the decision.

Complete Short Story

By Marten Cumberland



"Aren't you curious to know why to-night is so important to me?" the girl asked.

WHEN he was nineteen years of age Steve Payne escaped from London and went to the Argentine. Stowing away on an English tramp, he broke loose from the little slum in Battersea, where he had been kicked and starved, and came to Buenos Aires, where he was kicked very little and starved not at all.

La Argentina feeds even her stowaway immigrants. She is a land of opportunity.

So Steve prospered. At twenty-two years of age, chiefly owing to his facility for languages, he obtained a position as second purser on one of the Mihanovitch ferry-boats that ply between Buenos Aires and Monte Video.

Steve, in these days, was a youth of engaging appearance. His handsome face was clear cut; his light hair curled away from a rather high forehead; his soft brown eyes looked at one directly.

To the casual observer he appeared fresh and ingenuous. The physiognomist, however, noting the full curve of the lower lip, and a certain hardness that flashed into the eyes at times, might have reserved judgment. Such a one might have disturbed that calm, direct gaze; and the physiognomist would certainly have been right, for Steve always looked straight at a person when he was lying most atrociously. He had found that it paid.

The particular boat he joined as second purser was a large one. It carried anything from six hundred to a thousand passengers; it travelled at a speed of sixteen knots, had an orchestra, cinema, and all kinds of luxuries, including a chef who had cooked for a millionaire. There was a chief and a third purser besides Steve.

The slum boy made the most of his opportunities. When he had been on the ferry-boat six months he computed that the amount of ready money that lay in the purser's office every voyage varied from some two thousand to ten thousand Argentine paper dollars. Two thousand was a small amount; ten thousand was the largest average.

Having calculated thus, Steve made his plans, which were simple. As soon as he could conveniently lay his hands on ten thousand dollars, he would disappear into the campo, and the Mihanovitch company would know him no more. The world, he reckoned, owed him ten thousand pesos, and more!

So, with all his plans made, he waited patiently for a big passenger-list and large cash takings. And it was while he waited, when everything seemed ripe and propitious, that he met the girl.

He was leaning over the port-rail as the boat left Buenos Aires. Yawning, he had watched the companion-ladder swung out; the lines dropped from bow and stern, the brown trench of water widening between steamer and wharf.

Hands and handkerchiefs were waved; the air was full of cries: "Adios" — "Escribane" — "Requerdos a la familia!"

The same old cries, the same old exhortations!

As the boat gathered speed and most of the passengers made for their cabins, Steve turned lazily. And then he saw her, and the yawn was wiped from his face as though with a sponge.

She was leaning over the rail, watching the shore. She was dressed in a silk mackintosh of dark blue, with a hat to match. In her hand was an English book, and her face was typically English. It was the face that drew Steve's eyes and held them.

She was very fair, with golden hair, blue eyes and delicate coloring. Her beauty might have been conventional and almost insipid had it not been for the remarkable serenity and personal dignity that were written on every feature.

Steve felt strangely troubled. Within him something remote and mysterious stirred: something that he'd felt at infrequent intervals in his life, as when he had heard Verdi or Puccini at the opera-house at Monte Video, or when, as a boy, he had climbed to the top of Richmond Hill and caught a vision of verdant beauty undreamed of before in his drab slum existence.

He hesitated, and then advanced with his most charming smile.

"You are English? I am English, too—the only Englishman on this boat. If I can be of any service, will you ask for the second purser—Mr. Payne?"

She turned, and calm blue eyes surveyed him with a directness beneath which Steve's gaze fell. She smiled slowly.

"That is very nice of you," she said. "I'll certainly avail myself of your offer if I'm in any difficulty. Thank you."

HER voice was low, musical—soft as a caress. It was a voice that matched her appearance; a voice to stir a man's blood. It made Steve wretchedly conscious of the Cockney accent, which, with all his facile cleverness, he had never been quite able to eradicate.

"That's all right," he stammered awkwardly. "Only too glad. Nice to meet English people, you know."

She looked at him, taking in the trim, medium-sized figure in spruce white ducks, the flushed, handsome face, and the bright eyes.

"It is curious to find an Englishman an officer on an Argentine boat," she ventured. "I suppose you have been in this wonderful country for some time, Mr. Payne?"

"Quite a spell," said Steve. "I got fed up with things at home. Ran away, you know. Always wanted to see the world, and live."

"That sounds very thrilling and romantic! If I had been a man, I dare say I might have done the same thing; but despite all our emancipation women don't run away to sea yet!"

She laughed, and her face lit up in a way that made Steve stare in wonder. Never in his precarious, poverty-stricken life had he talked on terms approaching equality with such a creature as this. Sometimes, in the wet and mud of the London streets, he had seen beautiful and radiant beings, flitting from their cars to big mansions, or coming out of the lighted theatres, laughing and talking.

Steve had run after taxis for them, opened the doors of big limousines, and received a tip from their immaculate escorts. He had gazed at them; he had dreamed; but they had been as remote and unapproachable as the stars.

So, while she talked, Steve listened, and looked, and marvelled; and it was with a start that he heard her say that she must go below and dress for dinner.

"You have a good twenty minutes," Steve assured her.

She turned and made for the cabins, leaving Steve pacing the deck and humming softly to himself.

She was a very lovely girl, with just that marvellous coloring that Steve had always admired so immensely.

He had seen it sometimes, and admired it, in the English chorus girls who came out to dance in the revues produced at the Teatro Moderno, or at the Casina in the Calle Maipu. But the chorus girls' coloring was often suspect; the blue of their eyes was frequently as hard as steel; whereas this lovely lady who had spoken to him—she was different! She had dignity and distinction, as well as gaiety and beauty.

For an hour he paced the deck, while the sun vanished and the Southern Cross gleamed in the sky.

When he went to the little office amidships, he counted the money and discovered that ten thousand six hundred dollars were the takings of the voyage. So it had come at last; and this was the hour when he must strike. Over ten thousand dollars—it was a large sum! . . . And all his plans were made . . .

Later, when most of his work was done, he saw her again. The passengers had dined; there was music and dancing on the promenade deck, but he found her right aft by the taffrail.

"You are alone?" he began.

"I don't want to dance to-night," she explained. "It is too warm, and it is lovely here!"

She gazed down at the phosphorescent gleam churned up by the screws. She was smiling softly.

Steve looked hungrily at her. If she had appeared beautiful before, she was exquisite now. The blue mackintosh had been discarded, and she was clad in a gown of black and silver. Her neck and shoulders showed white in the moonlight.

"We arrive at Monte Video at daylight, do we not?" she asked.

"Soon after," Steve assured her. "You take breakfast and then you go ashore."

She was silent. The rhythmic thrash of the propeller beat time to the sway of the vessel; from amidships there came the throb of violins and the wail of a saxophone. The air was perfumed with the heavy scent of flowers wafted across the river from the mainland.

"It is wonderful to-night," said Steve softly. "This is a most important night for me."

"Really!"

The girl turned quickly.

"And for me, too. Might one ask why to-night is so important for you, or would it be indiscreet?" she said.

"No, it is not indiscreet."

Steve looked her in the eyes.

"To-morrow I shall probably come into some money," he answered.

She laughed softly.

"That is splendid! Congratulations."

The orchestra on the promenade deck finished a tango, and the dancers clapped for an encore. Steve's eyes strayed across the river where red, green, and white lights showed the passing of ships that sailed for the Old World, or, coming from Europe, just entered the wide mouth of the Plate.

He sighed, and his gaze returned to the girl.

"I get a bit fed up with these ferry steamers!" he said. "The passage is so short you haven't time to make friends."

"Do you want to make friends?"

"Sometimes. When I meet somebody like yourself I would like her for a friend. The women here are not beautiful, like you, and I——"

The girl flushed beneath his gaze.

"They are so polite in this country! I suppose you have learned gallantry from the Spaniards, Mr. Payne?"

"I'm not just making empty compliments and that sort of thing," said Steve, earnestly. "I mean it, I think——"

He looked at her where the moonlight fell on a curve of her cheek and the white of her throat.

"I think," he said, slowly, "you are the loveliest woman I ever saw in my life."

She was silent for so long that Steve grew anxious.

"You don't mind?" he said. "You don't mind my saying that? It just came out. I meant it. I was looking at you like . . . like I would at a statue, a picture, or a flower . . . You know what I mean . . . impersonally."

She turned, smiling.

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"Isn't it a bit rude to leave Mr. Preysing?" said the General, growing suddenly suspicious.

ESCAPE

A Serial Story

BY ETHEL VANCE

Illustrated by VIRGIL

THE STORY SO FAR:

EMMY RITTER, former European actress, returned to her homeland, sold a property, and diverted proceeds to America, where she had lived for many years with her children, MARK and SABINA PREYSING. This was counted an act of treason and Emmy was sentenced to death.

Her letter to Mark, forwarded by an old servant, FRITZ KELLER, brought him immediately to Europe. Through an American - born COUNTESS, who conducts a girls' finishing - school, he met DR. DITTEN, the surgeon attending Emmy in the prison hospital. The doctor told Mark of his mother's pending execution; then declared that he would attempt her escape by giving her a drug to induce semblance of death and signing a death certificate, but could do nothing further.

Mark sought the aid of Fritz, who had been given permission to receive the body for burial. With a truck Fritz collected from the prison the coffin containing the supposedly dead Emmy, then he picked Mark up, and they sought help from the Countess who, against her better judgment, received Emmy and Mark into her house.

That night, while Emmy is upstairs in bed, the GENERAL comes to dinner with the Countess and the girls, and dangerous tension develops between him and Mark, who is supposed to be just a casual visitor.

Now read on:

THE countess got up and took from another table some ash-trays and an old carved wooden box. When she opened the box before them a fat spider scuttled out of it.

The girls shrieked. The general caught the spider just as it reached the edge of the table, held it up and lighted a match to it. Its legs curled up and vanished, and he let it drop into an ash-tray.

No one said anything.

From the next table Sully called out: "What was it?"

"A spider," the general said. He took out his own case with the colored silk cord and the jewelled crown, and offered it to Marie. "Have one of mine. Perhaps you'll like them better, anyway."

"No, thanks."

"But it isn't pleasant to smoke from spider-haunted boxes. Better try one."

"No, thanks." Marie took a cigarette from the wooden box. "I'd rather have this," she said.

The general's jaw set, as it did when someone had hurt him. His face stiffened into what was meant to be the beginning of a silence. Then he saw at once that his silence would be mistaken for theirs, so he began to talk in a reasonable, informative voice.

"Some spiders are dangerous," he said, "but none of them is as dangerous as people think." He lighted a cigarette for himself and leaned back. "I knew a lady in London once," he said, "who kept a tarantula as a pet."

Mark said suddenly: "I knew a tarantula once who kept a lady."

Marie gave a little gasp of laughter and looked around. She saw by Mark's eyes that it had finally become too much for him. At the other table the girls put down their cards to listen. The air of the room grew brittle, as though it were about to be broken.

"Is that good taste?" the general asked coldly. "There are well-brought-up young ladies present."

"Oh, we're not so well-brought-up," the Mink Coat exclaimed.

"There are no well-brought-up young ladies any more," said Marie.

"In this country there are. Mr. Preysing should be more careful."

"You'll have to excuse me," Mark said. "I've never known any."

"I think that's very possible," the general said. "And yet I understand that you have female relatives. A sister—isn't that so?"

"Yes, a sister. She works in a sweat-shop."

Marie laughed again.

"Oh, how marvellous! And do you paint pictures while she works in a sweat-shop?"

"Certainly. And she buys me paints. She has no tarantula. There's no one but me for her to keep."

"Very interesting," the general said. He never turned to look at Mark, but, tilting his chair back, he addressed the table—the suddenly teasing faces of the girls, the unchanged, pale face of the countess.

"I see," he said, groping his way through the smoke screen of the ridiculous which they had managed to throw around him—"I see that it is considered humorous for a woman to support her brother."

"Don't women support you?" asked Mark.

"Me? My dear young fellow——"

"Who buys your uniforms, your gold lace, your sabres?" Mark said. "Who pays for your motor car and your driver? Who buys your cigarettes, your gold cases with fancy cords? Who, in other words, pays taxes? Don't women pay taxes? Don't they skimp so that men can pay taxes? All over this country women are saving carrot-tops and potato-peelings to keep a general."

The general knew himself to be surrounded by unfriendliness. Even Ruby—yes, even Ruby, for all her air of submission—wasn't really loyal. That was what hurt him in all this. All his baiting of her had been to drag some reassuring, unmistakable gestures of loyalty from her. She remained, now, blank, as though she hadn't heard.

"Very ingenious," he said, raising his voice a little. "And I can see this is not the time or place to be serious. If it were, I might remind you why it's necessary for the women of this country to save potato-peelings in order that generals may live. If I were to tell you," he said, "it might be more than these not-too-well-brought-up young ladies could stand to hear."

He spoke of the girls, but he looked at the downcast face of the countess. And Mark also looked at her.

"What makes you think they couldn't stand it?" Mark said. "They can stand anything you can, and probably more."

"You bet we can," said the Mink Coat enthusiastically. Whatever Mark said, she was ready to support him.

"I don't think you know much about them," Mark went on. "They squealed just now at the sight of a spider, but they were quite silent when you burned it. Do you know why?"

"Perhaps they were shocked," said the general. "Perhaps they thought it was our much-advertised cruelty."

"Not a bit of it. They squealed because it was expected of them. But they didn't say anything, because they really despise a mediocre exhibition of cruelty. They were bored by it, as the expert is always bored by the clumsiness of the amateur."

The general, turning, saw that Mark was directing his anger at the countess. He looked from one to the other of them, and for the moment the girls had the pleasure of seeing the rivalry of the two men flare brightly to the surface.

"You don't think very highly of women," the general said. "You accuse them of having no delicacy, no sensitiveness."

"Have they? I thought everyone was agreed by now that their delicacy and sensitiveness are all of the body and the nerves. And that these have been beaten into them through countless generations by harems, corsets, bound feet, civil and religious codes, anything we could lay our hands to. And still have to be beaten into them. Leaving, of course, their natural toughness entirely unimpaired.

"Personally, I find nothing in the world so pitiful as a man, his battle-axe in his hand, shouting at some woman, 'Be sensitive, be delicate, confound you, because I like you that way.'"

"Wow!" said the Mink Coat, and Marie went into a fit of giggles.

But as is always the case, just as a dull evening gets lively it's time to go to bed. The countess suddenly lifted her blank face.

"Really, girls," she said vaguely, "the general's right. It is getting awfully late."

Her words punctured everything. The air of the room wasn't shattered, but returned suddenly to normal.

After the girls had gone no one had anything to say. The countess rang again and Juli brought schnapps and more cherry wine. "And bring my peppermint tea," the countess said. "I'll have it here."

The general looked at her sharply. The tea she usually took upstairs in her own room just before going to bed. This drinking of the tea now, publicly, was itself almost a dismissal.

Mark went to the radio library, letting the music of all Europe come in shreds and patches. He wanted to get away from them both for a moment and calm down his anger. He wanted to consider the true position of things, so as not to forget himself again. He was aghast at having been so childishly carried away by jealousy and disgust.

They all pretended to listen to the music.

What a fool I am, Mark thought. What an unutterable fool. Everyone knows I am a weakling. And I've got to be a weakling. There's no choice for me. I must sit helplessly and watch. Because somewhere up in the city old Fritz is scurrying around. He and some man are leaning over a table examining a fake passport.

I MUST be helpless, because the doctor is sitting in his room, able, perhaps, to read Spinoza again, though as he reads he listens all the time for the door-bell and for the special sound of the bell—whether it's rung in haste, violently, or in the usual way. And, above all, I've got to be helpless because Emmy is just above us with only a thin door to shut her in.

"That's a nice thing," the general said. "What is it?"

"It's the Valse Triste," the countess said.

The thing to decide on now, Mark thought, is how much does he know. And how much he thinks I know. Is he, in the first place, likely to have inquired about the exact date of the execution? If he has, does he know already that she died suddenly last night? Surely he's in no position that would require any notification of this. Later he'll hear it — perhaps. Perhaps never. How do I even know he has ever heard of her? Maybe someone else told the countess. But he spoke of Sabina. That was queer. How did he know of her? I don't think I spoke of her to anyone.

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National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4718468

THE PARROT, THE BULL, and THE LADY

By C. E. B. Roberts

His eyes still fixed on the girl, Hawkes began hauling at the rope.

Illustrated by WEP

IF you know Seville, you will remember that the Sierpes, a narrow lane or arcade in the middle of the town, is the hub of its life. No vehicles are allowed in the Sierpes, which is only a few feet across, but one occasionally meets a donkey laden with baskets, or a herd of goats carrying their milk round to customers without the bother of milk-cans, or an occasional dog.

Apart from these chance animals, the Sierpes is devoted to human use. Its narrow surface, shaded from the heat of the sun by mats drawn from roof to roof of the tall houses, is thronged with pedestrians, while its sides are lined with clubs, cafes, bars and barber-shops, many of these divided from the thoroughfare only by huge plate-glass windows, which allow the privileged occupants to keep an eye on passers-by even while being shaved or eating a snack or drinking.

It was in one of these bars that my friend, A. B. C. Hawkes, the scientist, and I were sitting. A stuffed bull's head, mounted on a shield over the centre of the stock of barrels and bottles, showed that it was a favorite haunt for the amateurs of bullfights, where they could continue their unceasing discussion, day after day (and night after night—for Spaniards grow active about dusk), about the merits of this bull and that torero, and this stud-farm and that picador.

To return to A. B. C. and myself. We were sitting in this bar and wondering when we would board Hawkes' yacht, which was lying in the river a mile or so away, after our short sight-seeing visit to Seville. Manuel was talking to us. Manuel was the proprietor of the bar and spoke an interesting blend of American and English which he had picked up in his earlier days across the Atlantic.

He was one of those men who know everybody and everything in every particular city, and A. B. C. and I found his comments on the people who passed his plate-glass window an entertaining means of passing a rather dull day.

With sword upraised, the Parrot faced the bull.

Suddenly Manuel stiffened and began to speak, for the first time, with tones suggesting some degree of respect for his subject.

"Look, look," he cried, pointing out of the window, "take a look-see! See that guy there, him with the little pig-a-tail? Him that everybody's staring at? Know who that is, misters?"

"What crime has he committed, scandalous mine host?" A. B. C. inquired cheerfully.

"He commit no crime, mister. He is great man, big guy, very famous bullfighter. He is what they call El Papagayo, 'The Parrot,' because of his big hook nose, see? He is greatest bullfighter in Spain to-day. Would you like I try to make him come in?"

Manuel rushed out, wiping his hands on his apron. We saw him, through the window, bowing low before the man with the pig-tail and gesticulating towards the bar and us. The Parrot looked at him haughtily, considered, greeted one or two passing friends with a twist of a finger, and at last condescended to precede Manuel inside.

"I tell him you are rich Englishmen, big shots, who come special to Seville to see him fight the bulls to-morrow," said Manuel to us. "He is so great man, but he can appreciate your respect. You want to tell him how great he is? I tell him you say so."

I have no idea what other lies Manuel told him, but, to judge by the translated replies of The Parrot, we were all becoming very good friends and I was extremely sorry to have to disappoint him by stating, in answer to one of his questions, that there was no chance at all of bullfighting being introduced into England. The Parrot commented on this with a sad, superior shake of the head.

"He says, how you like take a ride along of him and see the bulls he fight to-morrow?" Manuel went on after a little while. "It is great honor he do you guys. I come too, so you can understand him."

We accepted the invitation and were soon made conscious of the high honor of which Manuel had spoken, by the obvious respect with which we were regarded by all the people in the Sierpes.

Nobody had taken any notice of us when we entered the bar that morning, except to lift eyebrows at A. B. C.'s unusual clothes, for he insisted on wearing his usual frock-coat and silk hat even in southern Spain. But now hats were raised to us, shopkeepers bowed, and a mob of little boys and youths rushed before us to clear the way. It was a royal progress, and A. B. C. and I shared in the glory.

In the street at the end of the Sierpes another crowd waited beside a brightly decorated carriage, drawn by mules whose harness was hung with ribands. Manuel informed us that this was the vehicle reserved for The Parrot's use in Seville, that the man sitting beside the driver was the bullfighter's chief assistant, Pedrillo, and that the lounging bystanders included other members of the party. There was a manifestation of excitement as we appeared, and The Parrot, Pedrillo, Manuel, A. B. C., and I drove off in a roar of cheers.

In one of the main streets of the town a motor car drew alongside and a young woman addressed The Parrot. She held a black fan over her face, as if to hide it, but I could see that she was at once very handsome and very pale.

The Parrot started. He flushed and began to speak, then turned his face away from her and shouted to the driver to go on. The car kept pace with us and the girl addressed him again, this time with evident anger; but The Parrot stared proudly before him and ignored her. Then the girl, too, turned away and the car put on speed and left us.

Manuel whispered to us softly that the lady was a local beauty of good family who had fallen in love with The Parrot but who no longer interested him. I glanced sideways at the great man: he seemed to have lost interest in everything, even in the adulation of the people in the street, and was sunk into himself, brooding. In this mood we reached the place outside the city where the bulls are corralled that are to fight next day in the arena.

The Parrot recovered his poise when he majestically alighted from the carriage and waved us after him into the enclosure.

The six animals were in a smaller enclosure in the middle, great sulky brutes cropping the grass.

One of them looked up as The Parrot greeted the man who had driven them to the town from the farm where they were bred; it stared at the bullfighter with bloodshot eyes, then pawed the turf and bellowed loudly.

"You see, gents," Manuel romanced in our ears, "that bull he knows."

We gathered that the chief purpose of this visit was to allow The Parrot to look over the animals and to choose the three of them most likely to suit his convenience next day. He would take the fiercest and bravest, leaving the others to be fought by one of his colleagues.

It was clear that he had taken a special fancy to the bull that bellowed, and we saw him discussing it with the herdsman.

Manuel, listening to their conversation, said, "That big bull, that swell bull. The Parrot will fight him second to-morrow. That bull will be one big noise for the day."

At that moment The Parrot beckoned to Manuel to bring us closer and for the next few minutes we received, through the barman's inexpert translations, what I imagined were priceless hints on how to select good fighting bulls.

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National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4718469

Too Good to be True

Complete Short Story

by

ANNE VERNON

Illustrated by DES. CONDON

When talking to him she felt he was the sort of young man one dreamt about.

"DO you understand what I mean?" asked Mrs. Grenfell. "Or are you as stupid as you're pretending to be? Shall I put it more plainly?"

"Don't do that," said Margaret. "I don't think I could bear it."

Her interview with her mother had been brief and guarded. But Mrs. Grenfell had made herself quite clear, nevertheless.

"You're twenty-four," she had said. "I was married when I was twenty."

"I know."

"John Temple is very nice — a charming young man. His mother is, of course, rather—strange. But she has a heart of gold."

"I should think everything she possesses is made of gold. And eighteen carat at that," Margaret said nastily.

"Her clothes are a little ostentatious. But you will like her when you know her. The Arkwrights say she must have at least thirty thousand a year."

"An excellent reason for liking anyone," said Margaret.

"My dear, must you be so difficult? Really, one would suppose that you didn't know how we were placed. Certainly you never lift a finger to help."

"I've tried to get a job."

"A salesgirl at thirty shillings a week," said her mother. "How do you suppose that's going to help? It wouldn't pay one gardener's wages."

Margaret shrugged her shoulders. "I know," she said. "Wouldn't it be better to give up the struggle and let the place go?"

"Grenfells have lived here since the Conquest," said Mrs. Grenfell, "and John is willing to hyphen the two names."

"Have you worked it out as far as that?" the girl asked in disgust.

"One tries to think of everything."

Margaret was silent, staring out of the window. Below the house, turf stretched to the edge of the park. Clipped yews edged the rose garden. Two red setters dozed on the terrace. So it had been ever since she could remember—and before that for hundreds of years.

The house was called King's Grenfell. No one knew how old it was. Some of the moat remained, and two towers which the Normans had built. There were great barns dating from Elizabethan days, panelling which had been put in by a Grenfell who followed the Stuarts, and a summer-house built when George I was king. The bathroom had been installed by Margaret's grandfather. Since then there had been no building. There had been no money.

Margaret's father had died soon after she was born—in debt. But Mrs. Grenfell had struggled on, selling a picture or some Georgian silver; selling timber; selling ground; mortgaging the house itself. Now there was nothing left to sell. All the valuable pictures had gone, and all the old silver.

"It isn't only the place," said Mrs. Grenfell. "That would be bad enough. But it's the people, too. The gardeners who've always worked for us. The women in the kitchen. Their fathers and mothers and grandparents worked for the family. What will they do when the place has been turned into a national monument?"

"Find work somewhere else," said Margaret.

"In this valley? You must be mad."

For King's Grenfell was as isolated, in its shallow valley, as though it were in the wilds of Scotland. There was no work for anyone, except in the big house.

"You must think of someone else besides yourself," said Mrs. Grenfell.

"I wish I needn't marry except for love," said Margaret.

"You can't afford luxuries of that description. And at least he isn't in love with anyone else. He's shy of women. They've run after him so."

"Then why——"

"His mother," said Mrs. Grenfell briefly. "She wants to be one of us. And so far the county has been a little haughty. Do I need to say more?"

"No. Please don't."

Margaret went slowly out of the room. She was a tall girl, with a creamy skin and the beautifully cut features of a long-established type. She moved well, even now when she was depressed and worried; and her old frock could not hide the grace of her body.

She went downstairs, across the great hall, and into the library where the paintings of her ancestors hung. There she stopped, staring at the unsmiling face of a woman who had once been maid-in-waiting to Queen Elizabeth. The original had been sold, but the copy was a good one. It had the grim attention to detail, the wooden stiffness of features which the old painter had given that long-ago Margaret Grenfell.

"It's like an arithmetic sum," the present Margaret said slowly. "We have the house, and a position in the county which no one has disputed for hundreds of years. Mrs. Temple has all the money in the world, and wants to go about with the 'right people.' The answer is that John marries Margaret and everyone says how suitable. And I've never even seen the man."

She stared down the line of painted faces, but there was no help or counsel to be had from them. Elizabethan adventurer—he had brought gold from the Indes back to King's Grenfell. But now there were no more undiscovered lands. Stuart beauty—a king had given her pearls. They had been sold to pay death duties. Victorian bewhiskered worthy—he had made money and his son had lost it.

Margaret stayed in the library until the slow summer dusk fell. Then she went sadly upstairs to bed—the last of her line. The last hope of the old and honorable house, of the friendly, shabby furniture, of the men and women whose ancestors had worked for hers.

"I'll do it," she swore. "He's probably bow-legged and thin on top. But if he'll marry me I'll have him. No matter how awful he is."

IT was an old story. Women had sold their beauty since time began—it was the only negotiable asset most of them had, poor things. And if you were going to sell your looks an old house and the welfare of a number of people were a worthy enough price.

"I only hope he hasn't got bow legs," Margaret muttered. She prayed, as she went to sleep, that he might not be too awful.

. . . . . .

A week later she saw him. He came to tea. A shy young man in grey trousers and a blazer, with no ostentatious sign of wealth about him. A young man with rather unruly dark hair and wide-set grey eyes.

She knew very soon that he wasn't awful at all. He was extremely nice. He was the sort of young man you dreamed about. It was too good to be true. They went out to look at the gardens.

Turf that had been rolled and cut for three hundred years. A great courtyard with stables built around it, empty and forlorn in the afternoon sun.

"Do you ride?" John asked.

"No. Can't afford it," she said abruptly. "There haven't been any horses here since my father died. He kept a good stable—but he had bad luck. Racing ruined him."

"It can be good sport, but you have to be careful. I'd rather hack quietly about the country and do a little hunting myself. It's divine country for riding."

"It's divine country, anyway."

"You've lived here always?"

"Always," she said.

"I wish I had. It must be lovely to belong to it. We've only been here a year, you know. And before that we were in London. You can't get a grip on London as you can on a bit of countryside."

Margaret, lying on the springy turf, her head cradled on her arms, looked up at him with approval. He was a nice man.

"Come and see the secret passage," she said, rising. "It ends in the wood over there. When I was very small I could get right along it and come out behind the panelling in the library. But a bit of it has fallen in and I'm too big to squeeze through now."

"When was it made?"

"I don't know—ages ago. They used it in Roundhead and Cavalier days. We were Cavaliers."

She forgot, while they were scrambling about underground, that this was the man who was going to buy her—and the house—and a place in the county for his mother. She only thought how pleasant it was to have a playfellow. She had been a lonely child.

But when they stood once more in the sunlight she remembered.

John said, "It's a lovely house."

"It's tumbling down," she said crossly. "The roof needs doing, and the kitchen floor, and the paint everywhere. The curtains are faded and fraying. The carpets are held together by hope."

"Hope?"

She did not explain. She said, "I'm afraid I shall have to go now. Would you like to see mother?"

He was confused and cast down. The shyness which he had forgotten overcame him again.

"I must go," he said hurriedly. "I'm afraid I've taken up too much of your time already—boring you—I'm so sorry."

He was gone. His car had slithered away down the grand driveway. Margaret said, "Botheration!"

But he came again. All that summer, two or three times a week, he would come shyly round the corner of the terrace, looking for her, asking apologetically whether she were busy.

Once Margaret said angrily, "I'm never busy. You have to have money to be busy. Don't rub it in."

"I didn't mean—I wouldn't have dreamed——"

"I'm sorry," she said more quietly. "Let's go and feed the goldfish."

By the lily pond he said, "Do I annoy you, coming here so often?"

"Of course not. I'm glad to see you. I don't mean to lose my temper."

"It's very difficult for you," he said timidly.

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FASHION PORTFOLIO

Brighten up your wardrobe

Inspired touches to bring new drama to last year's clothes

● You're sure to have a black felt postilion hat (they were so chic last year) so make it look like 1940 by winding pink and blue marquisette streamers round the crown and swathed across the throat.

● Bring new cheer to a plain black frock with Molyneux's clever apron treatment in a contrasting color. And repeat the color fillip with long suede gloves and hatband.

● With the current "covered-up" trend your strapless evening frock is definitely dated. Bring it back into glamorous circulation with swathed contrast top and huge gipsy sleeves.

● Transform a simple brown sports coat into a sophisticated model by gay-colored streamers crisscrossing down the front and climaxing with a casual tie at the waist.

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WITCHERY . . . *in Felts*

● Surprising fillip to a tailored suit—a huge picture hat, flung back from the face halo style, and made of brilliant legion-red felt.

● Unusual pillbox-cum-postilion confection in black felt with two dull gold pins and a silk fish-net snood to relieve its tailored lines. (Top right.)

● A miniature tricorne interpreted in beige felt, pierced by a perky black-coffee quill and surrounded by a froth of black-coffee veiling. (Left.)

● To offset a plain black frock—a tip-tilted Condor toque in pastel-pink felt, climaxed with a huge bow of fluted grosgrain ribbon at the back.

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Sent from London by MARY ST. CLAIRE

LAST-MINUTE FASHIONS

SKETCHED BY PETROV

● ONE—Shawls are the popular craze—even for daywear. Witness this gathered frock of white jersey with brief matching shawl.

● TWO—A small gay wool shawl adds color and fashion interest to the simplest frocks. It is draped over the shoulders and clasped in front like a scarf.

● THREE—Cotton fishnet with contrasting wool fringe for a shawl and apron that bring a peasant charm to a plain white sports frock.

● FOUR—Spanish shawl in plaid wool provides unexpected glamor for a classically tailored slack suit.

● FIVE—The rustic shawl in glamorous guise for formal evenings. A tiny mink shoulder type with cleverly worked pattern.

● SIX—A superb ermine cape-shawl worked in radiating squares and garnished with a fringe of ermine tails.

● SEVEN—An ethereal frock of palest pink chiffon with filmy shawl edged with self ruching.

● EIGHT—Even in hats the shawl idea is incorporated by adding a gaily embroidered fringed triangle to a tilted black wool toque.

● NINE—Bags filch ideas from the shawl trend. This one in black suede features silk fringe trim and crocodile clasp and handle.

● TEN—Fragile black lace with silk fringe looks delicate as cobweb over a white evening frock.

● ELEVEN—Mexican shawl in white jersey with a colorful floral design worked in sequins and beads.

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F1986.—Brilliant new evening style with swathed cummerbund. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 6¾ to 7½yds. 36ins. wide. Pattern 1/9.

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F1792. — Swing-skirted frock with slightly military jacket. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2⅞yds. for frock, 1½yds. for jacket, 54ins. wide, and ½yd. fur fabric. Pattern 1/6.

F1811.—Attractive autumn coat-frock with smart contrast. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2½yds. 54ins. wide, and ½yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

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F1965.—Dainty blouse, ideal for older women. 38 to 44 bust. Requires 2⅞yds. 36ins. wide. Pattern 1/3.

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• WED IN ADELAIDE. Edna McClure, of Nettalie, Wilcannia, and Paul Gunson. Honeymooning in Sydney. Edna is ex-student of Loreto, Kirribilli.

• STITCHING IN TIME . . . Rania Single and Pat Harvey Sutton finishing their dresses offstage for S.U.D.S. "Twelfth Night" performance at University.

• LIGHT for Mrs. Bob Jose at American Society's party at Elizabeth Bay House. Her husband obliges with a candle in shape of red apple.

• BALLETOMANES Captain and Mrs. V. J. Flynn at Theatre Royal for farewell ballet season.

Jottings of the Week

—by Miss Midnight—

Pronounced "Goss". . .

HOSPITALITY in America is almost a byword, but it seems to me it's almost a myth in comparison with welcome given members of new U.S. Legation in their first few days here. Governor-General, Prime Minister, Government and American colony entertain at dinner parties, receptions, luncheons, and cocktails.

Mrs. Menzies, the P.M.'s wife, comes from Melbourne to be hostess at Government's Thursday reception.

Hear that a £25,000 Legation is to be built at Canberra. Sounds as if we'll now have to build the permanent Parliament House to compete with America's effort.

John Minter, handsome, charming (and married) Legation secretary, says that all anyone seems to be able to tell him of Canberra is that the tulips are beautiful.

Attache Robert C. Arnold (unmarried) tells me that being in the State Department at Washington isn't a bit like in "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington."

Incidentally . . . U.S. Minister to Australia, Mr. Clarence E. Gauss, is pronounced "Goss."

Husbands on offer . . .

MUCH amused at the way several women at meeting to organise cocktail party on August 5 offer their husbands' services as waiters. Maybe it is better if those wives remain anonymous in case their husbands read this.

Boy Scouts also offer to come along and help . . . proceeds are for Lord Mayor's Fund.

At least 200 expected to attend party. It's to be held among antiques and valuable glassware at Deric Deane's showroom . . . which I consider very courageous of Mr. Deane.

Lady Davidson president of committee. Nancy Goldfinch secretary. Mrs. John Melville treasurer.

No time for play . . .

WEEK'S busiest girl . . . Nildra Leonard. Now Mrs. Edward Kreig, jun. In five days Nildra decides to marry, has lovely white satin bridal frock made, buys land and shipboard trousseau, attends parties, and does some work at Broadcasting Commission.

"And have you ever tried to buy a trousseau during sale time?" she demands wearily when I meet her tearing around town.

No time to have wedding invitations printed, so 100 guests invited by phone to wedding at St. Stephen's and reception at home of matron of honor (Mrs. Cecil Cook).

But no sooner are all invited than it is discovered ceremony must be half-hour earlier. So all phone calls made again.

Excellent tennis . . .

TENNIS all day, afternoon bridge party, buffet lunch and afternoon tea, Mrs. Ralph McFadyen arranges at her Ocean Avenue home on Thursday to raise funds for Bellevue Hill Voluntary Workers' unit.

Excellent tennis played all day, too, on courts lent by Mrs. Du Val, Mrs. R. A. Carter, Mrs. W. Macnaught, Mrs. Evan Williams . . . players include Mesdames Barney Utz, Wynn Reilly, Alan Hardie, Lionel McFadyen.

Land Army latest . . .

SEE Land Army simply growing before my eyes when I drop in at Hawkesbury Agricultural Conference. Delegates say that as soon as conference is over they're going home to get the army started in their own districts.

Plenty of Vice-Regal enthusiasm, too. Lady Wakehurst arrives with Governor on opening day and tells Land Army director Mrs. J. W. C. Beveridge to keep on with the good work.

Lady Gowrie also visits conference and learns all about girls' prowess on the land from Lorna Byrne.

Ruby Wilcox is the only girl from recent Billabong leadership camp who attends conference.

Super-wonderful . . .

LADY WAKEHURST tells members of Red Cross Headquarters Younger Set at their 10th birthday dinner that she thinks they are wonderful. Mr. Wilfred Johnson, acting-chairman of Red Cross, goes one better and christens them "super-wonderful."

It seems that R.C.H.Y.S. sets out to raise £300 annually. This year they reached £1920 . . . hence Mr Johnson's superlatives.

Only ten men at dinner with 300 women . . . and then there were nine! Dr. Bettington no sooner served with soup than he is called away to urgent case.

Notable absentee is Mrs. Fielding Jones, because of small daughter Annette's illness.

Gladys Richardson dashes about doing what I overhear aptly, though affectionately, described as her "bee in a bottle act." Gladys never overlooks anything which might prove hitch in proceedings . . . receives much praise for energy.

News in Melbourne . . .

SIMON FRASER (brother of Sue) gets leave from Air Force duties at Cootamundra to wed Mary Wilson this Saturday at fashionable St. John's, Toorak.

More romance in Victoria . . . wedding at Woodend of Liberty Brookes and Rod Sinclair, of Sydney's Russell Sinclairs. Liberty sensibly economises by wearing as bridal gown the white satin bridesmaid's frock she wore at her sister Margaret's wedding four months ago. Margaret, as matron of honor, does likewise, and even makes smart satin headgear out of her train.

Did you know? . . .

DIAMOND brooch worn by Dora Williamson at her wedding with Dr. Bill Kellett at Orange was lent by Mrs. Tim Merewether.

Bill Mackay, of Tinagroo, Scone, owner of Dark Elegance, returned in last American ship.

The Nigel Smiths are tripping to Cairns and Barrier Reef.

The Vernon Howes are entertaining Haffee and Noelle Ferne, who have come from Melbourne to live in Sydney.

Sir Thomas Beecham will do some impromptu sketches of his friends at opening of Australian exhibition of "Primitives" on July 31 at Macquarie Galleries . . . proceeds are for celebrity concert on August 6, which is in aid of Air Force and Naval Comforts Funds.

• INTRODUCING Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Williams. Photograph by air mail from England. Bride, of course, was Sydney's Margaret Vyner.

• ANOTHER LONDON ROMANCE . . . Dr. George Raffan, of Macquarie Street, and bride, formerly Anne Farquharson. Met three months ago. Now coming to Sydney.

• HERE'S THE WINNER, says secretary Mrs. Len Robb, drawing lucky ticket at Signals Comforts Fund card party . . . held at Trocadero.

• NO SHORTAGE of hankies for Meryl Sherwood (left) . . . at Pickwick Club party with her attendants, Margot Craven and Joan Ashcroft. Meryl weds Donald Glasson this Saturday.

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Youngsters thrive on Kellogg's Corn Flakes because Kellogg's give you back the full value for your money in quality. No other grain can touch the energy value provided by corn. And Kellogg's use only the best corn this country grows—specially cultivated white Australian corn.

Listen to "Martin's Corner" over leading Stations Every Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday Night

Brains are good for you—but one helping of KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES gives you as much energy as nearly two helpings of Brains and Bacon.

NO COOKING! NO SCRAPING OF "CAUGHT" SAUCEPANS! KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES ARE THE "30 SECOND BREAKFAST" READY TO SERVE

AND TALKING OF ENERGY—THAT SINGLE HELPING OF KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES PROVIDES ENOUGH ENERGY TO DO 2 HOURS & 20 MINUTES OF HEAVY FAMILY WASHING.

Too Good to be True

Continued from Page 8

"IT'S difficult for both of us," she answered.

That was the shadow which fell over the long, sunny days; the awkwardness which spoiled their hours together. It had been arranged that they should like each other—and the knowledge of that arrangement fretted them both. They never referred to it. But only occasionally could they forget it.

Once, on a rainy afternoon, they sat and made toffee in the room which had been Margaret's nursery. There were deep window-seats and high, barred windows in this room, and a much-kicked fender, and a litter of toys left by many generations.

"I wish I'd known you when you were small," John said. "I should like to have been asked to tea here."

"I'd have been polite to you—then."

"Margaret, let's talk——"

"The toffee's boiling over," she interrupted. "Do pay attention."

That night her mother said to her, "Well, dear child, when is it to be?"

"What?"

"Your marriage, of course."

"I don't know," she said sullenly. "We haven't discussed it."

"You haven't discussed it! But he's been here nearly every day. You must have mentioned it!"

"We haven't."

"Then what on earth do you talk about?"

"Books. Riding. The house. I don't know. Not ourselves, anyway."

"Something will have to be settled soon," said Mrs. Grenfell ominously. "There are people who can't wait much longer."

It was very late before Margaret slept that night. Her room was full of moonlight, and after a time she put on a coat and went out of doors. The stone of the house was silver. The garden was a place of wonder and delight. King's Grenfell was more beautiful then she had ever seen it. And looking at it, remembering the honorable men and women who had loved this house, whose blood ran in her veins, she knew that she could not marry John Temple.

He was too nice. He ought to marry a woman he loved—not someone who would be useful to his mother. She knew his worth by now, and what he deserved to have. You can't spend long summer afternoons with a man, walking and talking and making toffee, without knowing something about him at the end of them. She knew that John was pure gold. But he didn't love her. If he loved her he would have said something long ago. And he was too good for a loveless marriage.

Margaret paced the terrace wearily. And her thoughts matched her heavy feet. Of course John didn't love her. What man of his calibre would love a woman who was prepared to marry for money? Not John, who was wise and kind and merry, for all his shyness.

"If he'd been awful," she thought, "I could have done it. I could have sold myself and given him a good bargain, too. But I can't. Not John. He deserves so much more than—a bargain."

She went indoors at last, and slept heavily. She had made up her mind. King's Grenfell would have to be turned into a national monument.

She woke to driving rain and a high wind. The calm moonlit night had ended in storm. It was the beginning of autumn. John was coming over, and she sat waiting for him. This would be their last meeting.

She had rehearsed her speech. And she began it as soon as he came in. She said, "Look here—it's been difficult for both of us this summer, with our mothers at our heels. Well, summer's over, and I think it had better stop. The farce must end some time."

John was shy, and unprepared for the attack. He said, "But—I don't quite understand. I like coming here. Of course, if I'm in the way——"

"You like coming here? Do you like me?" Margaret flung at him.

"Of course—I mean——"

"Oh, I know! You like me as you like rice pudding. Because you've been told it was good for you. I'm afraid it's no use. We should never make a go of it. Rice pudding's healthy, but health isn't enough. Good-bye."

She ran out of the room. Five minutes later, above the noise of the rain, she heard him start his car and drive away. That was the end.

* * * *

Margaret never cared to remember the weeks that followed. Her mother's horrified surprise turned almost at once into really venomous denunciation.

"You had John," she said. "You had him between your fingers. And you deliberately sent him away. Why?"

Margaret did not explain. There was no explanation which her mother would understand. It was simpler to say nothing and endure.

There was a good deal to endure, too. There was the house, melancholy and shabby in the autumn sunshine, filled with the ghosts of older, happier days. There were the servants and the gardeners with the shadow of the uncertain future hanging over them. They had no word of reproach for Margaret, but the fear and the sorrow in their faces tore at her heart.

Please turn to Page 16

What's the *Answer?*

Test your knowledge on these questions:

1.—If he were alive to-day, maybe the poet would not say so readily, "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay." The poet in question was

Dryden — Tennyson — Milton, Swinburne—Kipling—Byron.

2.—Brr! Just the weather for a tasty made dish, and if Scotch haggis is the choice for your menu, don't forget that one of its essential ingredients is

A pig's trotters—the roe of a herring—a calf's head—a sheep's heart.

3.—Which of these ranks in our Air Force is the higher?

Pilot officer—Flying officer.

4.—Certainly you've heard of the Nobel prizes. Well, Nobel himself, the founder of them, was a

Swedish chemist — Swiss engineer—American railway magnate—Belgian manufacturer of pottery ware.

5.—Talking of those prizes, the Nobel prize for Literature was awarded to a woman in 1938. She was

Berta Ruck—Pearl Buck—Vera Britten—Agatha Christie—Mary Borden.

6.—Ever heard of tournedos? They are

Bull fighters—thinly sliced fillets of beef—violent hurricanes—light pastry cakes filled with cream.

7.—To be correct, you should refer to natives of Latvia as

Latvians — Latts—Lapps—Letts—Latvins.

8.—In case you'd like to try your hand at manufacturing linoleum, its foundation is

Cork—canvas—rubber—coconut matting.

9.—How many husbands had Mary Queen of Scots?

Four—three—two—one—none.

10.—The lucky last's a gift to good Australians. The Murrumbidgee is in

Victoria—New South Wales—Victoria and New South Wales—Victoria, New South Wales, and South Australia.

Answers on Page 16.

Coughing, Strangling Asthma, Bronchitis Curbed in 3 Minutes

Do you have attacks of Asthma or Bronchitis so bad that you choke and gasp for breath and can't sleep? Do you cough so hard you feel like you were being ruptured? Do you feel weak, unable to work, and have to be careful not to take cold and can't eat certain foods?

No matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried, there is new hope for you in a Doctor's prescription called Mendaco. No dopes, no smokes, no injections, no atomizer. All you do is take two tasteless tablets at meals and your attacks seem to vanish like magic. In 3 minutes Mendaco starts working through your blood aiding nature to dissolve and remove strangling phlegm, promote free easy breathing and bring sound sleep the first night so that you soon feel years younger and stronger.

No Asthma in 2 Years

Mendaco not only brings almost immediate comfort and free breathing but builds up the system to ward off future attacks. For instance, J. Richards, Hamilton, Ont., Canada, had lost 40 lbs., suffered coughing, choking and strangling every night, couldn't sleep, expected to die. Mendaco stopped Asthma spasms first night and he has gone since in over two years.

Money Back Guarantee

The very first dose of Mendaco goes right to work circulating through your blood and helping nature rid you of the effects of Asthma. In no time at all Mendaco may easily make you feel years younger and stronger. Try Mendaco under an iron-clad money back guarantee. You be the judge. If you don't feel entirely well, like a new person, and fully satisfied after taking Mendaco just return the empty package and the full purchase price will be refunded. Get Mendaco from your Chemist today and see how well you sleep tonight and how much better you will feel tomorrow. The **Mendaco** guarantee protects you.

Ends Asthma ◆ Bronchitis ◆ Hay Fever

Healthy Legs For All!

Elasto, the Wonder Tablet Take It! and Stop Limping

LEG aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. From the very first dose you begin to experience improved general health with greater buoyancy, a lighter step, and an increased sense of well-being. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Elasto Will Lighten Your Step!

You naturally ask—what is Elasto? This question is fully answered in a highly instructive booklet which explains in simple language how Elasto acts through the blood. Your copy is free—see offer below. Every sufferer should test this wonderful new *Biological Remedy*, which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcomes sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality *and bringing into full activity Nature's own great powers of healing.* Nothing even remotely resembling Elasto has ever been offered to the general public before; it makes you look and feel years younger, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

Send for FREE Booklet.

Simply send your name and address to ELASTO, Box 1532E, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting Elasto booklet. Or better still get a supply of Elasto (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply.

Try Sta-blond next time you wash your hair—see the difference

You will be amazed at the results. If your fair hair has gone brownish—mousy—Sta-blond will make it 2 or 4 shades lighter at once. It will bring back that lovely "lighter" colour and with it will come back lost charm, fascination and beauty. Sta-blond prevents natural fair hair from darkening. You need never sacrifice that outstanding personality which belongs to the blonde. Always keep your hair sparkling and lustrous with Sta-blond.

No injurious dyes or bleaches in Sta-blond. It acts safely—naturally. And its precious Vitel nourishes roots and prevents dandruff. Get Sta-blond to-day—each packet enough for a shampoo.

ENGLISH PRODUCT

STA-BLOND

THE BLONDES OWN SHAMPOO

New easy way

to clean false teeth

The easy way to keep false teeth clean is to put them with 'Steradent' powder into a tumbler of water (see directions on the tin). This solution penetrates every crevice, dissolves film, removes stains and sterilizes your dentures. Many people leave their teeth in this 'Steradent' bath overnight; others regularly for 20 minutes while they dress. Dentists recommend 'Steradent' and all Chemists sell it in tins 2/- and 3/6.

Steradent

REGD. TRADE MARK

cleans and sterilizes false teeth

Rexona (Over Seas) Ltd., (Pharmaceutical Dept.), Sydney

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HE'S DAD TO SIXTEEN—A.I.F. RECORD

PRIVATE JOHN COULSTOCK, of the A.I.F., with his wife and sixteen children in the garden of their home at Belmore Road, Blakehurst, N.S.W. Mrs. Coulstock is Welsh. Her husband was on leave from the first A.I.F. when he met her in England. They have five girls and eleven boys.

THE COULSTOCK TWINS—Victor and Billy, who are 13 years old, and Donald and Douglas, seven.

PRIVATE JOHN COULSTOCK, of New South Wales, father of sixteen children, wins the laurels as biggest family man in the A.I.F. from Private Gadsden, of Victoria, father of thirteen children, whose story was told in The Australian Women's Weekly recently.

The Coulstocks' eldest son, John, has been called up for compulsory military training, and the second son, Frederick, 19½ years old, is in the A.I.F.

There are five girls and eleven boys, including two sets of twin boys, in the family. They are:—John, 21; Frederick, 19½; Stella, 17; Sylvia, 15; Jean, 14; Victor and Billy, 13; Norman, 11; Keith, 10; Donald and Douglas, 7; Geoffrey, 6; Colin, 5; Morris, 4; Margaret, 3; and Christine, who was born last Christmas morning.

Private Coulstock came to Australia from Kent, England, during his boyhood. He enlisted with the A.I.F. in the last war, was at Gallipoli.

THE LITTLE MOTHER, with the two youngest and the two eldest of her sixteen children.

KNITTING for this family, including three soldiers, keeps Mrs. Coulstock and the three eldest girls, Stella, Sylvia, and Jean, always busy. Private Coulstock says: "I'd back my wife against any other knitter in Australia."

FALL-IN for the off-to-school kiss. Mrs. Coulstock says you get used to a big family after the seventh or eighth arrival. "The worst job is patching the boys' pants. I never seem to be able to catch up on them."

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Too Good to be True

Continued from Page 14

AND beyond everything else, there was her own loneliness. She did not realise, until after John had gone, how much she had grown to depend upon his company. She missed him horribly.

The autumn wore on. Plans for putting King's Grenfell into the hands of the National Trust went forward. The furniture was to be sold at auction. By Christmas, Mrs. Grenfell said bitterly, all would be over. They would start the New Year in some poky little flat in London, and Margaret would be able to go out to work from nine to six.

"Of all the selfish stupid actions—deliberately to send John away!"

"I couldn't help it," Margaret repeated dully. "There was nothing else to do."

She had kept faith, after all, with the generations of honorable women who had loved King's Grenfell. She had not saved the house, but neither had she betrayed a good man into a loveless marriage.

"I can't understand you," Mrs. Grenfell's plaintive voice went on. "When you knew how hard I'd worked and what the house meant to me. I don't think you can have any feeling for the place at all."

"Perhaps I haven't," Margaret agreed.

She tried to shut her ears to the rasping whine of her mother's voice. It went on, almost continually, day after day, adding the final touch of misery to the last weeks in the old house. In the end she could bear it no more. Two weeks before the auction she went to stay with a school friend in London.

"You would," said Mrs. Grenfell tearfully. "It's in keeping with all your other actions to run away and leave me to bear the brunt by myself."

. . . . . .

Mrs. Grenfell, after Margaret had gone, missed her audience. She wrote her daughter a long whining letter, filled with indignation and exclamation marks, only to discover that Margaret had left no address.

"Exactly like her," complained Mrs. Grenfell as she put the letter away.

And Margaret, in London, was looking for a job. It was, at least, something to do. Something to keep her mind away from King's Grenfell and from John. From the painfully persistent question of why he had not fallen in love with her.

Margaret found a job without much difficulty. Her pleasant manners and her quiet, controlled face made a favorable impression at an interview.

She was taken on as a salesgirl in the Toys, by a large London shop, and her duties were to begin in a week's time.

She found a small furnished bed-sitting room, a twopenny bus ride from the store, and she stayed there for three days, making her morning tea and her supper over the gas-ring. Except for toffee-making, she had never done any cooking before. She burned herself badly on the elbow, and the stew that she had coddled carefully was not quite edible. On the third day she invested in some tinned goods. She could, she supposed, have written to her mother for a little money; but she didn't feel like it.

And then she had to go back to King's Grenfell. She had to see her mother and to fetch her clothes. She had to say good-bye to the old house which would be empty now, and forlorn, stripped of everything except the few bits of furniture which Mrs. Grenfell was going to take with her to London.

She steeled herself for the interview with her mother, for it could not help being unpleasant.

Going down in the train she tried to imagine what the house would look like, emptied of the hoarded treasures of so many years. She tried to steel herself against all emotion, and she walked calmly enough up the driveway.

But when she was within sight of the house her heart failed her. She did not know whether she loved it or hated it because it had come between her and John. If it hadn't been for the house they might have met on equal terms, and their story might have been different. If only . . .

She did not go in the front door. She turned and walked up the steps to the terrace.

"I'll look through the windows first," she thought, "and break myself in gently. The rooms will be so different now that they're empty."

She flattened her nose against the pane. To her surprise she saw that the rooms were not empty. Or at least the drawing-room wasn't. It was exactly as it had always been.

"I must be dreaming," she thought, dazedly. "It can't be the same as it always was. The auction should have been held more than a week ago."

There were steps on the terrace behind her. She turned. And faced John.

"You!" was all that she could say. "You!"

"Oh, Margaret, don't be angry with me."

"Angry with you? Why should I be?"

"You were the last time I saw you," he said, smiling a little. "And this time I think you might have a right to be."

"What have you done?"

John lit a cigarette.

"I've bought King's Grenfell," he said. "Lock, stock, barrel and all."

"You must be mad," she said coldly. "Unless you haven't looked at the house. It's badly run down and the furniture is of no value to anyone except ourselves. All the good pieces went long ago."

"Your mother seemed to put a higher value on it than you do."

"I bet she did," Margaret said. "I bet she made you pay through the nose."

"No, through the bank in the usual way," said John coolly.

They stared at each other.

"So what?" Margaret asked at last. "So what?"

"Will you marry me?" John inquired.

She didn't know why, but she was suddenly crying.

"Margaret, don't do that. Please don't! I was afraid that you'd be annoyed with me for buying the house, but I couldn't find you to talk about it. Even your mother didn't know where you were."

"I'd gone away to forget," she sobbed.

"To forget the house?"

"And you."

"But you—you sent me away!" he protested.

"I know. What else could I do?"

"You might have given me a little—encouragement," he suggested.

She threw back her head and stared at him.

"Encouragement? I didn't think you wanted encouragement. I thought you only wanted to be clear of the whole business. And I didn't blame you. You were too good to be forced into an arranged marriage."

"And that," said John, "is exactly what I thought about you. That was why, all summer, I daren't speak. I knew the house was around your neck."

"And now——"

"Now, if you will, you can make your own decision, King's Grenfell, the people and the place, will be safe with me. You are free to come or go. Which is it to be?"

The thin winter sunlight gilded the old grey stone. Margaret's hair was ruffled by the wind. She stared at John through tear-wet lashes.

"You haven't done this out of philanthropy, have you?" she inquired, abruptly.

"No, I've done it because I hoped that when you were free of the house you might be able to think of me without—bitterness. But if you can't it can't be helped. You can go with an easy conscience. You owe no debts to me or anyone else."

She hesitated for a moment. Then she said briskly:

"In that case, I'd better stay and contract a few more. I've never known what it was like to be out of debt, and I'm not sure I could get used to it."

"Margaret, darling!" said John, holding out his hand.

(Copyright)

The answer is—

1—Tennyson. (In "Locksley Hall.")
2—A sheep's heart.
3—Pilot officer.
4—Swedish chemist.
5—Pearl Buck.
6—Thinly sliced fillets of beef.
7—Letts.
8—Canvas.
9—Three. (Francis II of France, Lord Darnley, Bothwell.)
10—New South Wales.

Questions on Page 14.

Winter is the best time for Plum Pudding and Swallow's is the best Plum Pudding..Rich tempting and favourite with all the family, economical, too!

And that's news for practical budgets. Good cook as you are, you couldn't make a better plum pudding for double the cost of this favourite. Quantity buying, popular demand keep prices low. So don't wait for special occasions. Serve this traditional plum pudding often — especially during the chilly days of winter. Check the chart (at left hand corner) for exact sizes when ordering. And order from your grocer right away!

Away out doors hearty holiday appetites will be thankful for Swallow's Plum Pudding. With such a welcome dish prepared so easily no wonder thousands of people every year take it on their holiday outings.

½ lb. . . . 3 Serves
1 lb. . . . . 6 Serves
1½ lb. . . . 9 Serves
2 lb. . . . 12 Serves
3 lb. . . . 18 Serves

Remember to allow for "extra" helpings.

Swallow & Ariell PLUM PUDDING

★ SUPPORT THE RED CROSS AND THE COMFORTS FUND ★

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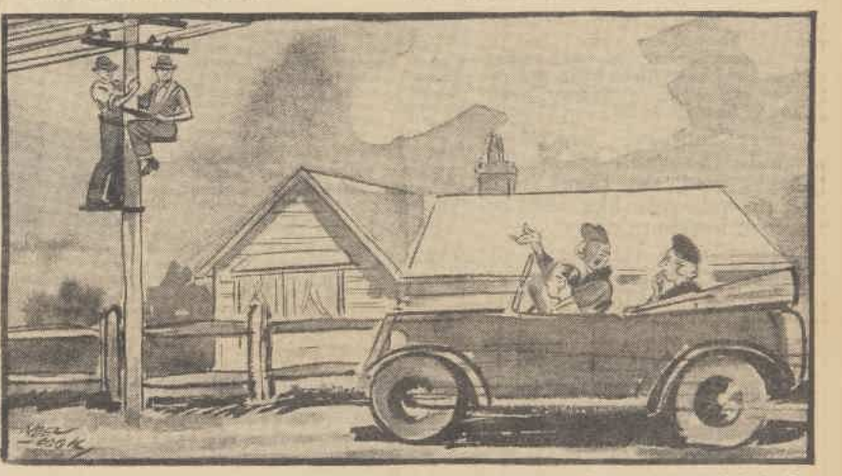
Some NEW LAUGHS

MISTRESS: Why are you leaving? Haven't we always treated you like one of the family?
MAID: Yes, and I'm tired of it.

NEW BOARDER: I want to have a bath, and there is no lock on the bathroom door.
LANDLADY: No, and we don't need one; all you have to do is whistle when you are having a bath.

MOPSY — The Cheery Redhead

"Why do you get such low marks in history?"
"Aw, they're always asking me about things that happened before I was born!"



LADY DRIVER: Fools! Anybody would think I had never driven before.

An Old Friend

in a new dress

Beecham's Pills now come to you in a special cellophane wrapping — air-tight and moisture-proof. Take Beecham's Pills to prevent constipation, biliousness, digestive upsets and lassitude. Gentle, reliable and purely vegetable, they are safe and effective for young and old.
Buy a box today.

Beecham's Pills

We couldn't improve the Pills so we improved the Pack.

"Worth a Guinea a Box"

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

THE "road-hog" was lying semi-conscious in a hospital bed.

"How is he this morning?" inquired the doctor on his rounds.

"He keeps putting his arm out at right-angles to the bed," replied a nurse.

"Good," remarked the doctor. "He's turning the corner."

MOTHER: Sit down, Tommy, and tell little Billy a story.

Tommy: I can't sit down. I've just told Dad one.

YOUNG MAN: I'd love to ask you for a dance, but I have to admit I'm just a little stiff from polo.

Girl: Oh, I don't care where you come from, let's dance.

MRS. NEWRICH: My husband tells me Columbus travelled 3000 miles on a galleon.

Maid: Don't you believe those yarns, Mum! Some motor salesman has been pulling his leg.

"DAD, can you tell me how far it is from the earth to the moon?"

"No, I can't."

"Well, don't blame me if I'm punished to-morrow for your ignorance."

"MY dear, I saw a ducky little hat in town to-day."

"Did you buy it?"

"Not yet. I must pick out a more expensive one so that my husband can refuse me and I can have this one."

Marvellous Reducing Discovery!

£1000 Guarantee

I guarantee that these testimonials are true extracts from unsolicited letters received and are open for inspection at my offices. (Signed) Joan Powell.

LOST A STONE IN WEIGHT

"I am thrilled with the results of the Treatment and have already lost over a stone in weight since June. I think the treatment is wonderful." Miss M. C. — P., N.Z.

Reduced 1 Stone Already

"I was 11 stone 3 lbs. when I started your reducing method. I am now 10 stone 3 lbs." Later:—"I am quite pleased with myself now. I can wear a tight-fitting dress with pleasure." Miss M.I.A.—R. Qld.

REDUCE UGLY FAT *Quickly*

NOW you can actually reduce those unnatural bulging hips, and that huge unlovely waist—by a NEW, simple method. Without dangerous drugs, very strenuous exercise, or starvation diets. Secretly in your own room—you can really watch those bulging hips disappearing. An over-prominent sagging bust, fat arms and legs, thick ankles and double chin can quickly be banished with this marvellous new reducing treatment — it's something entirely different.

NEW DISCOVERY ABSORBS FAT WHEREVER APPLIED

THE bogey of "middle-aged spread" is laid once and for all by this unique treatment which dissolves fat wherever you apply it —just think what that means to you, complete control of your figure.

TRY IT NOW! — USE COUPON

TEST this wonderful method in your own home, and if it doesn't reduce those hips and that waist, and every part of your body that carries excessive fat — IT COSTS YOU NOTHING! I want you to try it—I want you to PROVE, as hundreds of other women have proved, that to reduce this way is marvellous.

Sent Free!

If you send me the coupon below now, I will send you something that will amuse you, at no cost or obligation to yourself—but hurry!

Joan Powell, Sales Dept. 21, Wayne House, Clarence Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

NEW FASCINATING WAY OF REDUCING SEND NO MONEY!

SEND NO MONEY

JOAN POWELL, SALES DEPT. 21, Wayne House, Clarence St. SYDNEY, N.S.W.
Please send me, with no obligation, your amazing "SOMETHING." I enclose 2d. stamp for postage.
Name .....
Address .....
..... *27/7/'40.*

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An Editorial

JULY 27, 1940

LOOK AFTER THE MOTHERS

TWO poignant stories about babies in the recent news broke through the war headlines and went straight to the hearts of women.

Sadness was tinged with thoughts of the irony of it all at the announcement that Mrs. Doris Duke Cromwell's baby had died soon after birth.

The world's richest woman had prepared a palatial nursery for her child, a huge fortune awaited it, an army of nurses and doctors were in attendance, but the baby failed to survive.

A week earlier and much nearer home a lonely little West Australian girl died in Sydney while giving birth to twins.

Her husband, Lance-Corporal Thornton, is in the A.I.F., and she came from Perth to be near him while he was at Ingleburn camp.

There is a community of suffering in the two stories which is touching in the extreme.

The case of Mrs. Thornton has excited great comment. It prompts the thought that there may be other lonely, reticent women in our midst who need to be taken care of.

The war has disrupted family life.

There are women in our cities from the outback, from farms and country towns, brought thither by the need to be near their soldier husbands. Like Mrs. Thornton they may have felt the need of friendship and advice.

Apart from the medical help available to them, these soldiers' wives should be the particular care of some organisation so that they may have all the comfort and care the nation is prepared to lavish on them.

If they are shy we must seek them out. If they are lonely we must find them friends.

Our mothers and babies are too precious to be lost just because as in the case of Mrs. Thornton "nobody knew."

—THE EDITOR.

LETTERS from the A.I.F.

THOSE "little bits" you read to friends from the letters of husband, son or sweetheart in the A.I.F. are of interest to all other Australians.

The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies or extracts from letters. A payment of 2/6 will be made for each extract published. Contributors should state if they wish their own names or the letter-writers' names to be published.

From Gunner Robinson with the 1st contingent to his fiancee, Miss E. Melville, of Pymble, N.S.W.:

"TO-DAY has been the happiest day I've spent since last I saw you. There was no mail last week, but when your three letters arrived all the disappointment disappeared.

"Well, dear, five of us went for an excursion to the holy places in Jerusalem. They really were the most wonderful sight to see.

"All the lamps were made of silver, candlesticks made of gold, walls, floors and pillars all of marble. The steps and floor were worn down by the feet of millions who must have passed over them.

"The statue of Our Lady was nearly covered with gold necklaces, pearls and diamonds valued at thousands of pounds, donated by Catholic churches from all over the world."

❖ ❖ ❖

From a Victorian officer with the A.I.F.:

"MOST of the officers have had air-mail letters. Those of us who haven't say that we belong to the 'Stop-the-Allotment' Club, and you drop out as you get a letter.

"At present there are only five of us left. The other day I went for a bit of a stroll across the desert, and I lost all the ambition I ever had to join the Foreign Legion. The wind and sand soon cured me. Well, I'll hop into bed now, where I'll soon be 'Dreamin' of Thee, Dreamin' of Thee.'"

❖ ❖ ❖

A member of an Intelligence unit with the first contingent in Palestine to Miss M. Clapham, of Penshurst, N.S.W.:

"I HAD the novel experience, in company with a few of the section, of having lunch with the Arabs.

"The tucker was laid on, and, although unusual, very nice. We also had coffee at different villages.

"This is their custom, and they would be greatly insulted if their hospitality was refused.

"Actually it amounts to only a few drops. This is a sign of friendship, while a full cup means the opposite."

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From Private J. O. Walsh, first contingent, in Palestine, to his mother and sisters in Tempe, N.S.W.:

"WE have been for a tour and spent a few days in the sand. It was lovely.

"We had boiled sand, stewed sand, fried sand, and baked sand, and by way of a change drank sand instead of tea.

"I had the pleasure of going through Hebron the other day. This is the cleanest and prettiest Arab city in Palestine.

"It is also the oldest town in the world. The foundations have been explored, and the authorities have already uncovered the remains of four cities.

"The time of building of this place is set about two or three thousand B.C. All the buildings are of stone, not a mud hut to be seen."

Winnie the war winner

"You're out of step—Colonel!"

To an Ipswich schoolboy from his cousin with the A.I.F. now in England:

"WE have now had three weeks on board this ship, so it will be a treat to step on land again.

"Eight mornings we scored an extra hour in bed, so we are now eight hours behind Queensland time—growing younger.

"I have seen a couple of sharks and thousands of flying fish and plenty of water."

❖ ❖ ❖

A South Australian sergeant in the third contingent:

"WE are sailing along at present, black shadows in a black night, in front, behind. On our right are other ships, all drowned in universal blackness.

"Far ahead are the greyhounds of the sea, the destroyers, watching like a hen with a brood of chickens. Slightly closer we have the cruisers ready and able to give assistance to their smaller brethren should it be required.

"Aboard life goes placidly on, good meals, good beds and luxurious conditions, almost a pleasure cruise. We have been out of sight of land for many days, but hope to sight it again soon."

❖ ❖ ❖

A soldier in camp in Victoria:

"THE dust here at 'Pucka' is dreadful. It swirls and blows everywhere. I'll give you an idea of what it's like. We were in at dinner yesterday, the dust seemed to be grating in our soup.

"The chap next to me turned and said: 'I thought I came here to fight for my country, not to eat it.'"

A South Australian in Palestine:

"WE sometimes have mimic war in Arab fields.

"Care, however, must be taken in camouflage, for in this queer country a crop is being harvested in one golden-brown area, whilst immediately next door a bright green Arab maize crop will stretch away indefinitely until it in turn runs into another harvesting area. Fences simply do not exist.

"All the time our troop movement goes on, Arab men and women go about their harvesting completely ignoring the soldiers.

"Compensation is paid for any damage done to crops, and it is a common joke among the troops that whenever the Arabs hear that a stunt is to be carried out in any area they work day and night getting a crop in, no matter what the season is."

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From a Lieutenant with the A.I.F. now in England to his wife in Ashgrove, Queensland:

"YOU know, every time I think of you and our three kiddies, and realise how very much we have had in life, I can't help but feel we have both made the only possible and right decision by my doing my bit in this affair.

"I now long for the time when we will all be together again, with this dark cloud of Hitlerism wiped out for good and all.

"Life for us, even in Australia, would be only an empty thing if we did not win this war, and it makes me feel wonderfully proud of the privilege of having such wonderful people to fight for."

❖ ❖ ❖

An Englishman who enlisted with the A.I.F. in Queensland to his wife, a Brisbane girl, whom he married a few days before sailing:

"I'VE almost forgotten what land looks like, but it is great to be on the sea again.

"The salty tang in the air, the feel of the spray on your face, and the wind clutching at you. You'd love it here . . .

"I'm only wishing and hoping that we shall be through this horrible business very soon. I think they're just waiting for 'we of the A.I.F.' to arrive. 'Sfunny, but I seem to think of myself as part of Australia now! Must be the influence of my Australian wife!

"We do a lot of physical training and sports—boxing and the like—and now, at last, after a lot of coaxing, they've decided to let us start playing round with foils. It's a great sport."

❖ ❖ ❖

From Driver Larry McLeod in Palestine to Miss Reva Hall, of Punchbowl, N.S.W.:

"I CAME across an Australian Women's Weekly which had your photo and address in it, so I take the liberty of sending you these few lines.

"This Palestine is not too bad a place, but I would not trade the smallest portion of Aussie for the whole of this country.

"Our camp is like an Arab village. Our tents are scattered and daubed all over with mud which is good camouflage, and sunk into the ground about three feet with a dirt embankment around the outside for protection against shrapnel."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . . *By WEP*

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"GET UP, THERE!" said the lady bullock-driver to her recalcitrant team. "You-what-my-husband-said-you-were beasts!"

How'll they keep Land Girls down on the farm?

Remember!...They can't nag a reaper and binder

Already I hear rumors of new jobs for you girls. Women will take over men's work on the farm.

It is a laudable scheme, but it may lead to some bother at the homestead.

By L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated by WEP

"OH! So I'm to stick here milking cows and ploughing paddocks while you're away at the war?"

"Well, I can't take the cows with me, can I?"

"That's men all over."

"Where's me bayonet?"

"You can have it when I've finished peeling the potatoes with it."

Of course, not all women are like that. Quite a lot of them would just love to work on farms.

The fact that their farming experience consists of feeding the canary and watering the aspidistra does not dampen their enthusiasm.

Freckles and red noses and blisters will be quite fashionable.

That's the trouble. Once a woman takes over a man's job it's hard to know where she'll stop.

After all there is ample precedent for harnessing up the old mare and driving into the township to cash the cream cheque.

That's where a bit of advice might come in handy.

Always order the groceries and other stuff first. Then put the horse and sulky around at the BACK of the hotel—never in front, because people will talk—go off and post the letters.

After that you stroll onto the hotel verandah and have a yarn with the girls. But what do men talk about on these occasions?

That's an easy one. You'll have to forget all that silly women's prattle for a start.

You can start off by saying: "Any rain out your way?"

"Couple of inches. We could do with some more. By the way, have you seen the new barman over the road? He's a peach! We'll go over after. There's Annie. Come over here, Annie!"

Annie comes over. "You'd think they'd fix that match-machine, wouldn't you? Twopence I've done in the flamin' thing."

"Did you try shaking it?"

"Pah! You'd think the Government would do something about the things!"

"Don't talk to me about the Government. It's quite right what my Alf used to say. They are a lot of useless, incompetent——"

"Annie!"

"Well, so they are. Look at the letter I got from Alf. It says 'Somewhere in Egypt.' I'm supposed to write him letters while postmen run all over Egypt looking for him. And you know what my Alf's like."

Valuable hints

AND another thing: when at home, who's going to go crook on who?

What fun there will be for a woman to stamp into the house after a day's toil and bellow, "Ian't the confounded dinner ready yet?" out loud at herself.

Of course I might have it all wrong. It might be possible for a lady to take over a man's job and remain ladylike.

A lady bullock-driver would be well up against it if she wanted to be a lady all the time.

She could compromise perhaps by yelling, "Get up, there! You what-my-husband-said-you-were beasts!"

This leaves a lot to the memory and imagination of the bullocks.

We are continually being warned, advised, and instructed about things, but nothing has been done to fit women temperamentally for their new jobs.

You can't nag a reaper and binder into action by patting it, and smiling kindly at it won't do much good.

Then there's the question of dress. This is going to be a difficult matter. I mean to say, one can't do any really serious and vigorous plodding, toiling or moiling in high heels and silk stockings. At the same time there is no need to get around looking like somebody who has just been flung out of some place.

Quite natty little bowyangs can be made out of odd scraps of material—and economically too.

And even hobnailed boots can be made to look attractive. Just paint them a bright yellow and, seen in the green fields, they will look like daffodils.

Hats should be of a sensible and sturdy type. A wide-brimmed all-purpose felt seems to be the obvious thing. It can be used for rubbing down the horses, fanning the camp fire, scaring off crows, and when it becomes too utterly greasy it can be cut up for silage.

A serviceable jumper can be made out of a sugar-bag. The bag should be shirred around the neck and drawn in at the waist with binder-twine.

The most fascinating little ornaments can be made of odd pieces of barbed wire. It beats me why nobody has thought of that before.

Of course, when the boys come home, there is always the possibility that they will take one look at you, say "Struth!" in a hoarse voice and dash back to the troopship.

On the other hand, they may clasp you by your calloused hand, and say:

"Bruised, blistered, grimy though you be,
You are the only girl for me.
Here, take this torn old soldier's tunic,
I pinched it off a Fritz in Munich."

That'll be something to look forward to.

I must now go and be practised on by the Women's Weekly First Aid Class.

I think I am a fractured skull today. I was a broken leg yesterday.

How does she keep Happy Healthy and Slim

You can be healthy, happy and attractively slim; you can keep gloriously fit and get full enjoyment out of life if you follow the golden rule of taking Bile Beans nightly.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable. They tone up the system and daily remove all food residue, thus improving your health, clearing your complexion and keeping you slim and youthful.

So, if you want to look and feel your best at all times, remember to take your Bile Beans regularly every night.

"Since taking Bile Beans friends tell me that I look more like a woman in the early twenties—I feel it too. The nightly Bile Beans not only keep my figure slim and youthful, but make me feel wonderfully healthy and full of activity all day long."—Mrs. L. Hesketh.

"In my stage work it is very necessary for me to keep an attractive, youthful figure. I find that Bile Beans are just the thing for keeping me slim and maintaining my health and fitness."—Miss P. Franks.

BILE BEANS

Keep You Healthy and Youthful

DO YOU KNOW?

CHILD HAD 3 SEPARATE ROWS OF TEETH!

A CASE WAS REPORTED TO THE INTERNATIONAL MEDICAL CONFERENCE OF 1913 IN WHICH A CHILD HAD THREE ROWS OF TEETH, ONE ON TOP OF THE OTHER

RAIN STOPPED BY KNOCKING OUT TEETH

THE WARRAMUNGA TRIBE OF ABO'S. BELIEVE THAT RAIN CAN BE STOPPED BY KNOCKING OUT TWO FRONT TEETH OF A YOUNG MAN OF THE TRIBE! OF COURSE WE REALISE TEETH ARE PRICELESS. You can keep your teeth SURGICALLY clean and GLEAMING BY USING KOLYNOS REGULARLY.

"BACTERIAL MOUTH" MEANS DENTAL DECAY.

FOOD PARTICLES LEFT BETWEEN YOUR TEETH START "BACTERIAL MOUTH"—AND DENTAL DECAY. KOLYNOS BURSTS INTO A SEETHING FOAM OF ANTISEPTIC BUBBLES THAT LEAVE YOUR TEETH SURGICALLY CLEAN AND PREVENT "BACTERIAL MOUTH"—KOLYNOS GIVES YOUR TEETH "NEW LUSTRE"—AND LASTS TWICE AS LONG AS ORDINARY DENTAL CREAM. 1/2" ON A DRY BRUSH IS ENOUGH.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM 1'3 and 2'.

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YOUR BURNING PAINS SOON DRIVEN OUT

Don't put up with those Sciatica pains—like a red hot knife between your shoulder blades! Give yourself quick, glorious relief with St Jacob's Oil. The moment you apply St Jacob's Oil you *feel* your skin begin to glow. You *feel* your sore muscles relaxing as the penetrating oil sinks deep down. Yes, you actually *feel* St Jacob's Oil drawing the pain clean out. St. Jacob's Oil doesn't burn the skin. Keep a bottle of St. Jacob's Oil handy. Your chemist sells it.

Catarrhal Deafness May be Overcome

If you have Catarrhal Deafness or are even just a little hard of hearing or have head noises go to your chemist and get 1 ounce of Parmint (double strength), and add to it 1 pint of hot water and a little sugar. Take 1 tablespoonful four times a day.

This will bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils will open, breathing become easy and the mucus stop dropping into the throat. It is easy to prepare, costs little and is pleasant to take. Anyone losing hearing or who has Catarrhal Deafness or head noises should give this prescription a trial.***

The Parrot, the Bull, and the Lady

Continued from Page 7

As neither A. B. C. nor I was ever likely to take up the profession, I felt that the advice was wasted on us. My friend's attention wandered, too, and though he kept a polite smile I saw his eyes roving over the picturesque crowd outside the main barrier.

Then he pinched my arm and, with a half-nod, directed my attention to a little group of people who had just come up. One of them, I noticed, was the olive-skinned beauty who had spoken to The Parrot from her car, and with her was a youth whom I recognised as the bullfighter's assistant, Pedrillo.

She was talking rapidly in undertones, and Pedrillo, though appearing as if he heard nothing, was obviously listening to what she said. But after a minute or two he slipped away and returned to our group as if he had never left it. A. B. C.'s face clouded as if he was puzzled, but he said nothing.

The Parrot at last ended his lecture and turned from his inspection of the bulls. His eye fell on the girl, who stood alone now and met his glance boldly. Then she shouted something at him, and he winced.

"Tell me, many-tongued Manuel," said A. B. C. softly, as we came again in sight of the town, "why did our friend indulge in that mixture of pagan and Christian gestures when the lady shouted at him?"

"Pardon," said Manuel anxiously.

"Why did The Parrot cross his fingers and his heart at the girl? What did she say?"

Manuel was clearly reluctant to explain. "She talk some bunk," he said.

"What bunk? I want to know what she said," A. B. C. insisted.

"Oh, it is silly—just joshing him. She say he will die to-morrow, he will be bump-off by that big bull. Sure, he didn't like to hear her say such things, and he show her what he think about her. She's crazy, that dame. She been crazy ever since he give her the high hat."

I smiled at this, but A. B. C. merely frowned. The rest of our ride, with both my friends and the bullfighter sulking and Manuel clearly dismayed by that fact, was dull except for the inevitable cheers from the people we met. How sulky The Parrot was may be guessed from the fact that he did not acknowledge these greetings.

He recovered his spirits when we reached the Sierpes again and he commanded Manuel to ensure that we were given good seats for the bullfight next day. He also invited us to visit him at his inn that evening, so that he might introduce us formally to his companions—his cuadrilla.

Manuel accepted delightedly in our name and we strolled back to our hotel to enjoy luncheon and a siesta. In the afternoon we were joined by a Spanish professor from Madrid and a high official in the Ministry of Education, both of whom, learning from the papers of A. B. C.'s arrival in Seville, had made the journey south to meet him.

When they had finished discussing their scientific affairs, I mentioned our meeting with The Parrot and asked them their views on bullfighting. The professor shrugged his shoulders and said he preferred football, making the astonishing explanation that he thought football more dangerous. The official, however, proclaimed himself an enthusiast of the bullring.

According to him, The Parrot was the greatest of all bullfighters. He could do things in the ring, and make a bull do them, which no other bullfighter in history (in known history, he added) had ever rivalled.

When we told him that we had spent the morning with The Parrot, I think he was so envious of our good fortune that he would have gladly exchanged all his official prospects for a similar privilege.

"Is Pedrillo still with him?" the official asked. "What a fine boy he is! Even if The Parrot should make a mistake—which is almost incredible—there is Pedrillo at hand to try to draw off the bull and allow The Parrot to recover himself."

"So this Pedrillo acts as The Parrot's guardian angel, does he?" A. B. C. asked. "I suppose such a man can be trusted always."

"Always," cried the official, raising his eyes to the ceiling. "He will be faithful to The Parrot till they are parted by death—or by love, of course, should they both admire the same lady. Then one might expect them to part company, but not otherwise."

After dinner Manuel called and we strolled off with him to the inn where the bullfighter was staying. It was a typically Spanish establishment; we passed through a large double gate of iron and under an arch into a large courtyard, where most of the guests were still dining in a roar of conversation.

They evidently guessed whom we had come to see, for, with one accord, they stared up at a couple of open windows on the first floor, where we observed The Parrot dining alone with a merry-featured girl.

Her laughter rang out as the bullfighter spoke to her, and she snatched a flower from the creeper outside the window and placed it tantalisingly between her teeth.

A little gasp of delight at this coquetry rose from the people below, but A. B. C. seemed to hear something else and spun on his heel to stare at another couple who were half-hidden at a table beneath the projecting stonework.

"It's that girl we saw this morning," he whispered to me, "the one who threatened The Parrot. She seems to be keeping an eye on him."

"And it's his assistant, Pedrillo, with her again," I remarked.

"Odd," Hawkes commented. "Deuced odd, by Columbus!"

We did not stay long after we had mounted to the bullfighter's room. For one thing we were growing a little weary of conversations conducted through the Anglo-American-Spanish medium of Manuel. And for another, it was pretty obvious that The Parrot and his companion would have no objection to being left alone.

But A. B. C. took the opportunity to inquire about some of the sensations and dangers of a bullfighter's occupation. In particular, he asked The Parrot whether he had ever made so bad a mistake in playing a bull as to set his life in more danger than usual.

The Parrot twirled the fingers of his right hand proudly. Yes, he admitted, he had once, just once, come almost to disaster. This was in Madrid two years before. He had slipped while executing a complicated turn as the bull was charging him; losing his balance, he had fallen on the sand, and, he confessed, for a moment he thought he was finished.

But Pedrillo, the excellent Pedrillo, had dashed up like a flash of lightning and very cleverly distracted the bull's fury with his scarlet cloak, giving The Parrot time to get on his feet again and finish his work.

"He say that a bullfighter who can't depend on his chief aide helping him can't do nothing," Manuel ended a long translation.

. . . . . .

I have never seen a more animated sight than the bullring next afternoon. The whole town seemed to be gathering there; mobs of people filled the approaches. Manuel had somehow managed to get two good seats for us, though all were supposed to have been sold long before, and to exchange his own ticket for one entitling him to sit next to us.

Our seats were, of course, in that half of the structure which is shaded from the sun, while the cheaper half of the ring was exposed to its tremendous heat. Thus, all the people sitting near us belonged to the wealthier citizenry, culminating with the occupants of the presiding official's box, right in the centre of the shaded part. Our neighbors were able to gloat (and they did) over the sweltering occupants of the cheap seats.

A shrill cheer and a general craning of necks told us that the president (I mean the president of the fight) had entered his box. Almost at once we heard a band play a march, very indifferently, and the traditional march past of the bullfighters began.

First came a group of horsemen in dark, old-fashioned uniforms, and then to be greeted by a tempest of enthusiasm The Parrot stalked along, superb and confident in his satin jacket stiff with gold and silver embroidery, his dark knee-breeches, his white silk stockings and black pumps, and his three-cornered hat showing off the professional pigtail.

Immediately behind him walked Pedrillo and the rest of the sword and cloak men, followed by the picadors on their wretched old horses, each with lance in hand and with armor on one leg.

The Parrot led them in a gesture of salute to the president and the public and they formed up before his box. He waved a handkerchief to authorise them to begin. The mounted officials rode out; the bullfighters threw their cloaks over the barrier, taking care that the lining of scarlet, vermilion and red should be displayed; the picadors spaced themselves out round the ring, their lances ready.

The Parrot lounged nonchalantly to a gap in the barrier, as if to permit a little attention to be paid to the other performers; and the first bull rushed snorting into the ring.

The minor bullfighters showed remarkable skill in distracting the bull's attention at the critical moment by a dextrous wave of their scarlet capes under its eyes. It chased them madly across the ring until they succeeded in leaping the barrier to safety. I was glad when a trumpet sounded and this part of the business ended. It was the turn now of the dart-men, the banderillos.

One of these, carrying in each hand a short dart with a bright tail, walked lightly towards the bull. Two of the other men waved their cloaks at it to bring it into position. More than once it chased them all to the barrier, but at last the banderillo let go his darts and they flew neatly beside the bull's horns into its neck.

Again the bugle blew, this time for the climax of the affair. The Parrot came out into the ring, wildly cheered and applauded by the mob; he bowed to the president again and prepared to fight the bull to the death.

Please turn to Page 22

Animal Antics

"SO YOU think you don't need any life insurance to-day, eh?"

A *naturally* lovely complexion . . . yours to have . . . yours to keep . . . if you guard skin health with

Rexona Medicated Soap

Right through the years your complexion can stay clear and lovely—if you give it the correct care *now*. Rexona Medicated Soap brings natural beauty the only possible way—through skin health. Its wonderful medications improve a dull skin, beautify a normal one and keep the bloom of loveliness in a really flawless complexion.

Rexona contains Cadyl to guard against blemishes

No other soap can give you such protection. For Rexona alone contains CADYL, a special compound of medications that keeps your complexion clear and healthy—and guards against pimples, blackheads and blotches. If slight skin faults have made their appearance, start using Rexona at once. Its specially medicated lather gently draws away impurities from the very depths of the pores—and tones up the tissues.

Special Rexona Skin Treatment

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Real Life Stories

Motoring mishap

LAST Easter two other men and I decided to go on a trip to Sydney in an old sedan car. About 100 miles from our destination a newspaper flew up from the road and flattened itself across the full width of the windscreen, completely obscuring our view of the road. It was night time, so we couldn't use the windows to see if we were still on the road.

All three of us were sitting in the front seat; I being on the far side from the driver was smoking a pipe. I hastily put my head out of the window to see if we were still on the road, but in doing so I knocked my pipe against the sashline of the window, breaking it and knocking out a tooth. We then felt a slight jolt and the car stopped. On getting out to investigate, we found a big tree in our path which was saving us from a drop of 20 feet over the side of the road. So the only casualty was my tooth.

2/6 to Raymond Carlson, 32 Tivoli Rd., South Yarra, Vic.

Flying hoofs

MY husband and I yarded a mob of mixed cattle with the intention of drafting out a few cows to bring to the home paddock. I took charge of the gateway while my husband drafted out the cows required. We had nearly finished the job when a steer made to rush past me. I made a dash to stop him, at the same time reaching out and striking him on the horns with a stick.

As I struck, I trod on a stick which rolled and caused me to overbalance. I came to to find my husband supporting me and telling me to wake up. I felt very groggy.

As I fell the steer had lashed out and caught me on the side of the head above and below the eye. I still have scars to remind me of the incident.

2/6 to Mrs. G. Taylor, Currajong Ck., Tirroan, Mt. Perry Line, Qld.

Double shock for young mother

Runaway pram and mad cow

ON my first day out with my month-old second baby, I had two most nerve-racking experiences. I left the pram outside a shop with the baby in it and took my two-year-old daughter with me.

While waiting to be served I heard a commotion outside and rushed out to see my pram gathering speed as it went towards a deep gutter leading to a large, open drain.

Only the promptness of a lorry driver, who jumped from the truck and caught the pram, saved my child from certain death.

As I neared home, which was then at Oakleigh, Victoria, I was feeling very shaky.

Suddenly I heard a man shouting, "Take shelter—mad cow," and sure enough there it was rushing madly along the road towards us.

I quickly got through the post and rail fence and turned and snatched my two-year-old from the end of the pram, intending to put her down and get the baby. But I tripped and fell backwards, screaming as I saw the cow on its hind legs above the pram.

By a miracle my scream must have frightened it, for it swayed away from the pram and went its way down the deserted road.

The man who had shouted came riding up. He stopped to see if we were all right and said he had orders to shoot the cow as soon as he could get near enough to it.

We heard later that he had managed to overtake the maddened beast and destroy it before it hurt anybody in the district.

I took a long time to get over that double shock, and some time later I suffered a nervous breakdown as a result of it.

£1/1/- to Mrs. C. Davey, 119a King St., Newtown, N.S.W.

"I got through the fence with the two-year-old, intending to put her down and get the baby."

How to win Real Life awards

ONE guinea is paid for the best Real Life Story each week. Prizes of 2/6 are given for other items published.

Send in your Real Life Stories, which may be exciting or tragic, but which must be AUTHENTIC.

Full address at top of page 3.

Chance in a million

AS a schoolgirl in Adelaide I found a very unusual necklace, and though I watched for an advertisement and also advertised my find I could not trace the owner. The necklace was put away by my parents and forgotten.

Years later I was going to the theatre with my fiance and came across the necklace in an old box, and decided to wear it. I was amazed when during the interval a lady came up, and, apologising for her curiosity, asked would I mind telling her where I got the necklace. I did, and agreed to meet her the next day, when she showed me the matching earrings and ring.

She and her husband were world travellers, and he had given her that set in India. She had been in Adelaide for two days on the previous trip and was there for only two days again.

2/6 to Mrs. K. Anderson, Morphett Vale, S.A.

Unexpected catch

ONE morning my father went to pull in the fishing-line he had put out overnight. He could see the line was pulled out straight in the water and thought he had a big fish. When he began to pull in the line it kept moving about very strongly. As he pulled it out of the water he discovered he had a big cormorant hooked.

The bird immediately flew at him and caught him around the wrist with its beak. Dad could not get it to let go; he had to choke it to death. The bite it put in his arm was quite as bad as a dog bite.

2/6 to Mrs. J. C. Carey, Greenfield Farm, via Yass, N.S.W.

SHORT and SNAPPY

Send your anecdotes of odd, amusing incidents for this column; 10/6 will be paid for the best item and 2/6 for others published.

STARTLED STEED

WALKING home along a deserted track one dark night, my young cousin suddenly began yelling wildly. I rushed out with my gun, thinking murder was being committed, and found him perched on the back of a cow.

It had been lying in the middle of the track, and my cousin, not seeing it, had stepped on it. Startled, the cow had risen, lifting my cousin on its back.

It has not been decided who got the biggest fright, the cow or my cousin.

10/6 to D. H. Fleming, Erica St., Cannon Hill E1, Brisbane.

IN LUCK

WHILE cleaning up the vegetable patch I raked up what looked like a narrow cork band from the lid of a pickle bottle. On picking it up I discovered that it was a metal band, so I brought it inside and cleaned it.

Next day I went into town and sold it for 30/-. It was gold. I immediately went and bought a lottery ticket and called it "Raking in the Gold." My ticket won £5.

2/6 to Mrs. M. R. Briggs, 22 Darling St., Chatswood, N.S.W.

ABOUT TURN

ONE winter's day it was raining heavily and blowing a gale when I alighted from the train. I opened my umbrella for protection, and the fierce wind immediately turned it inside out, causing much amusement to a class of girls seated near the window of the car.

I had read that if an umbrella so damaged is turned facing the wind there is a chance of the damage being put right. I found it was true. The umbrella was blown back into perfect condition, and the girls raised a hearty cheer at my success.

2/6 to J. Pimm, 7 Myall St., Concord West, N.S.W.

BAD IMITATION

THE elder of my two small daughters had been with a friend to the hairdresser's, where she had seen pronged curling tongs being used to crimp the top of a customer's hair. She decided to try to get the same effect on her smaller sister's hair.

She took a celluloid comb with coarse teeth and began to heat it over the gas fire. The comb, of course, caught fire. The younger child screamed and I ran in to find the elder holding on to the burning comb, too stunned to know what to do. I had in my hand a small kettle I had just filled, so I poured the water quickly over the comb, luckily before any damage was done.

2/6 to Mrs. J. Wilson, 307 Angas St., Adelaide.

TONGUE TORTURE

MY mother had a pet cockatoo which was very destructive and used to snip all the flowers off the stalks. One day mother was out and on returning found the cockatoo running his tiny tongue up and down the verandah post and saying between breaths, "Poor cocky! Poor cocky!"

He had in mistake snipped off some chillies instead of flowers, and was paying for his mistake dearly.

2/6 to Miss Clare Elsley, Coolanbilla, Spring Ridge, Quirindi, N.S.W.

MINUS AND PLUS

WALKING through a Melbourne street recently, I saw an elderly man approach a weighing machine, hesitate, and, realising that he had his overcoat on, draw it off and fling it over his arm. He then stepped on to the machine and checked his weight

2/6 to W. Meagher, 22 Murdock St., Moreland N10, Vic.

DOES your child just pick at her food? Is she in the habit of "snivelling"? Does she look thin, pale? Then start her on Horlicks right away. Horlicks soon brings back the appetite and changes dullness and listlessness into radiant vitality. Children adore the flavour of Horlicks, specially when it's made with the Horlicks mixer. Horlicks is priced from 1/6, big economy size, 2/9. Special pack containing mixer, measuring spoon and half pound tin of Horlicks, 2/-.

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Worry Wrecked Her Nerves

A TIRED-OUT COLOURLESS GIRL

"I have a responsible position where I am employed and business worries made my nerves a wreck," states Miss N.B., of Thornbury, Melbourne. "I got very run-down, nervy and tired out.

"At last I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Since taking these pills I have made wonderful improvement. I have a very good appetite, my nerves are fine, and I have splendid colour in my cheeks which wasn't there before I took these pills. I have never felt better."

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The Parrot, the Bull, and the Lady

Continued from Page 20

HE was armed only with a short, thin sword, and in his other hand a red cloak. Flinging the cloak over the sword—every movement was graceful—he enticed the bull towards him. It dashed at him; he moved the cloak ever so slightly and the bull, deceived by the movement, passed him almost touching. It turned at once, leaped at him again and was again baffled by his skilful cloak-play.

Again and again The Parrot drew the bull towards him and made it miss him by inches. He varied his methods, employing devices that drove the experts in the huge, excited audience into wild applause.

Then there was a hush. I realised that the man in the ring was now about to take the initiative and to attack the bull as it had attacked him. Only instead of a heavy, instinctive rush, we were to see a triumph of intelligent skill. And so it was. At one moment the two confronted each other, the bull pawing the sand, The Parrot sighting it along his slender sword.

Almost too quickly for me to follow, he leaped into the air and, poised between the bull's horns, planted his sword into the middle of its nape. He stood facing it, unarmed now, and stretched out his hand towards it as if commanding it to fall; it followed the droop of his arm till it dropped on its knees, shuddered, and rolled over dead.

The Parrot turned and bowed to the president, while the crowd rose to him. The quivering mass of people in the cheap seats swayed and broke as they all stood up to cheer. The Parrot picked up his hat and began a circuit of the ring, bowing to the audience. It was a triumph, until suddenly something seemed to go wrong.

In a section of the cheap seats, almost directly opposite us, a woman was screaming. The Parrot heard her even above the roar of cheers. He stopped in the midst of one of his little runs, stared up at her, hesitated, stared again, and then ran on until he had completed his circuit. Then he bowed again to the president and slipped out of the ring while a team of mules trotted in and removed the dead animal.

I heard A. B. C.'s voice beside me. "For the love of Galileo, lend me those opera-glasses of yours, Manuel," he was saying.

Our interpreter lifted his glasses from his neck and handed them to my friend, who, adjusting them to his sight, focused them on the woman in the sun who had screamed at The Parrot.

"Ye—es," he said, "she's the same girl that was in the car yesterday and whom we saw at the corral and afterwards with Pedrillo at the inn. I thought you said she was of good family, Manuel."

"I'll say they're ritzy," Manuel agreed.

"Then why is she in the cheap seats?" Hawkes persisted. But Manuel only shrugged his shoulders, unwilling to tax his brain with anything but the refinements of bull-fighting that afternoon.

A. B. C. handed back the glasses, shaking his head from side to side. He rubbed his red hair, as he always did when he was puzzled. Then he put an extraordinary question to me. "Friend Johnstone, you have a connoisseur's eye for a pretty face, I believe. Did that girl in the car yesterday use lipstick?"

"Did she what?" I exclaimed.

"Did her lips, to your too practised eye, appear to have been touched with lipstick? Come, now; you saw her three times during yesterday; you ought to be able to recall what her mouth was like."

I pondered. I pictured her face as I had seen it, first in the car, then in the sunshine at the corral, and again in the cool shade of the inn. Concentrating my memory on it I was able to the end to reply with precision, "No, A. B. C., she doesn't use lipstick. With lips as naturally red as hers, she doesn't need it."

"And face-powder?" he went on.

"No; nor face-powder. Again nature makes that unnecessary," I answered.

"Then, by all the solar spectrum," A. B. C. cried, jumping to his feet, "she's out for murder!"

Manuel clutched his arm. "Sit down, please, mister," he implored him. "The next fight's started. This is the big bull, the boss bull. You don't want to miss this fight, mister. This is the works." And people behind us began to murmur.

A. B. C. disregarded them. Pointing to a man seated some little distance away beside one of the flagstaffs he told Manuel, "I must change places with that fellow—the one with the straw hat. Come with me and interpret."

"Mister, that seat's going to be in the sun in ten minutes. You don't want to move from this seat. You can't see no better there."

Hawkes' reply was to drag Manuel to his feet and shove him in the direction of the flagstaff, at the top of which a standard fluttered gaily in the sunshine. I followed them, feeling much embarrassed by the fury of the people whom we disturbed on the way. By the time we reached the man in the straw hat, the bugle had already sounded for the dart-throwing to begin.

I have rarely seen anyone so startled as the man by the flagstaff. He looked at A. B. C. as if at an idiot, when my friend offered to exchange a perfectly good seat in the shade for this one almost in the sun. After an interval of bewilderment and explanations the man laughed and accepted the exchange as a queer stroke of luck due to the notorious madness of foreigners. His two neighbors accompanied him, and Manuel and I sat down in the seats they vacated.

Hawkes, however, remained standing, still looking at the girl, and his whole body was tense with expectation.

"Have you a knife, well provided, my Johnstone?" A. B. C. murmured, without for a moment ceasing to gaze at the girl.

I felt in my pockets and handed a knife to him, which he took and opened.

"Say, mister, you're missing a treat," Manuel cried to him. "This bull's great. The Parrot's got sumpting to fight this time."

A. B. C.'s reply came slowly, "He certainly has, Manuel. More than you think."

I glanced over my shoulder at A. B. C. He had put down the glasses for a moment and was sawing through the strings of the flagstaff; he joined the severed ends together and picked up the glasses again.

Then a number of queer things happened, one on top of the other. As The Parrot poised himself on his toes to spring, a flash of light sprang out from the crowd in the cheap seats and, flickering for a moment on his cape, passed to his face. He raised his hand to shield his eyes. The bull moved threateningly.

A. B. C. behind me dropped Manuel's glasses with a crash and started hauling at the rope he had cut. And at the very moment when The Parrot recovering himself, killed the bull with a marvellous stroke, I saw Pedrillo, his trusted attendant, bolting across the ring to an exit under the stands as if all the bulls in Spain were at his heels.

To crown everything, Manuel and I found ourselves suddenly enveloped in the folds of the flag which, a few moments before, had waved at the top of the pole. As we disentangled ourselves, we found A. B. C. with a grim face beside us wiping his hands.

Heedless of the fury of the spectators round us, he cried to Manuel to follow him at once and, pressing his way through the throng, forced his way to where the girl had been sitting. She had gone, and another peering, gesticulating line of people showed that she, like Pedrillo, had left the place in a hurry.

One of the attendants shouted and Manuel translated his message. "Mister Hawkes, The Parrot say you will spoil his bullfight. Please to come explain to him what you do. He does not kill the next two bulls. He has time to hear your—apology."

The Parrot was waiting for us in the passage-way which runs round the ring, his features yellow with fury. Manuel listened abjectly to his tirade, until A. B. C. interrupted it. "Ask The Parrot," said my friend, "if he noticed anything happen just before he killed the bull."

THE bullfighter waved his arm angrily and spat out a few words. "The Parrot say no, nothing, only maybe a little light in his eye. But it went at once."

"Now ask him, obedient my Manuel, what would have happened if the little light had not gone at once, but had stayed flashing in his eyes."

The Parrot looked amazed at this question, and A. B. C. went on, "Tell him also, my sweet Sevillean, that the light would have stayed in his eyes, so that he could no longer see the bull, if I hadn't lowered the flag so that it cut off the sunlight from that lady's make-up mirror."

As Manuel interpreted this, The Parrot's face lit up. All the anger left it, and, bowing very low, he put out his hand to A. B. C.

"The Parrot, he say, 'How you know she would do this?'" our friend interpreted.

"Tell him that—oh, tell him that I suspected something and reinforced conjecture by experiment. She showed her hand—and her mirror—too soon or I should have never guessed her intention."

A. B. C. turned to me. "I regret having shocked you by making our change of seats and so exposing you to the irritation of our neighbors, but as you already have guessed, the only means I could think of to ruin the lady's plan was to intercept the sun from her mirror, which, you will remember, you convinced me was not in her hand for the usual purpose of making up her face.

"An elementary trigonometrical calculation showed me that the flag on the pole might be lowered sufficiently for my purpose. I made certain that the string would not stick by cutting the strings with your knife—you are always so quick-witted in any crisis."

He found Manuel dragging at his arm. "What's the matter, Manuel?"

"The Parrot, he asked why Pedrillo ran away."

"Tell The Parrot that I can only guess. Perhaps Pedrillo fell in love with the lady—you know we saw them together more than once yesterday—and suggested this murderous trick to her. This time, you see, Pedrillo did not propose to try to save The Parrot's life by distracting the bull with his cloak. But when the flag was lowered, thanks entirely to my friend's knife, and he saw that the plot had failed, he probably concluded that The Parrot might be more dangerous to him than any bull. And so he prudently—er—withdrew."

There is a queer little black object over the mantelpiece of the library in the Mayfair flat which Hawkes and I share. When visitors ask about it, A. B. C. tells them that it is the ear of a bull killed by a bull-fighting acquaintance in Seville, who gave it to us as a compliment.

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The Movie World

July 27, 1940 | The Australian Women's Weekly MOVIE WORLD | 23

ANOTHER ALICE . . . or ANITA?

From Barbara Bourchier in Hollywood

• Lovely, blue-eyed Mary Beth Hughes, Hollywood's first blonde discovery for 1940, whom you will see in "Four Sons." Inset (below) Anita Page, whose place Mary is said to have filled.

• Laughing study of popular star Alice Faye, to whom, as you can see, blonde newcomer Mary Beth Hughes, who has a contract with Alice's studio, Twentieth Century-Fox, bears a striking resemblance.

MARY BETH HUGHES, blonde, beautiful, and alluring, has found that it pays to be mean—on the screen.

Until she played a feline female in Twentieth Century-Fox's "Free, Blonde, and 21," Mary was just another cuddlesome blonde.

That role showed her studio that Mary had fire and personality as well as luscious looks.

It got her the leading feminine role in "Four Sons," an important Fox picture you will be seeing next year.

Mary has naturally curly, shoulder-length fair hair, creamy complexion and widely spaced, frank blue eyes. She looks like Alice Faye.

But she also bears more than a fleeting resemblance to that once popular young "silent" star, Anita Page, best remembered for her work in the first "Broadway Melody."

Mary was "spotted" two years ago by a talent scout while she was working in the National Theatre at Washington.

She was given a contract with MGM.

"Thereafter," she says, "I began to radiate sweetness and light on the screen. I was a Pollyanna in picture after picture. I was charming and good in 'Fast and Furious,' and meek and mild in 'These Glamor Girls.'

"Quite often my face and the rest of me wound up on the cutting room floor. It was a little exasperating. I was getting nowhere, I thought, and I wanted to go back home and to the stock company in Washington with which I had worked for five solid years."

So Mary managed to wangle her way out of the contract and was packing her clothes preparatory to returning home when she received a call from 20th Century-Fox.

Mary is quite happy to be a blonde screen menace. "These parts have more meat and substance," she says. "They at least will get me somewhere."

"Free, blonde, and 21," accurately describes Miss Hughes.

She loves Hollywood, revels in the gay nightclubs and smart restaurants. She has not yet found the Big Romance of her life.

But she adores Clark Gable—whom she has not yet met—and spends her spare time on the set of "Four Sons" sketching him from photographs.

Amazing, New Shampoo Discovery Sweeps Aside Old-fashioned Methods

IMPROPER WAY
Hair dull, covered with cloudy film.

CORRECT NEW WAY
No dull film; hair soft, shining like silk.

Thrills Nation with Beautifying Results

It's no wonder women everywhere are raving about this amazing new type foam shampoo—no wonder one trial converts them for life! For it gives your hair a thrilling new gleam. Yes, actually transforms dull, average-looking hair into a brilliant glistening halo—

Try it soon—see how beautiful YOUR hair really can be. Just how this unusual shampoo works these miracles is a scientific secret. *It isn't an oil! It isn't a soap—it isn't anything you've heard of before.*

Scientists have brought us something brand new; a shampoo so different that they've patented the process by which it is made. You simply wet your hair, shake on a few drops of Colinated "foam" Shampoo and instantly you get a glorious billowy bubbly foam, five times more than soap lather. So neutral that it is ideal for either oily or dry hair. You rub it briskly into the hair, rinse thoroughly, and you're through.

"What," you say, "no special rinses, no vinegar, no lemon or after-rinses to 'cut' the lather?" No, they are NOT necessary—just a thorough dousing in clear water! That's the marvellous part. Colinated foam Shampoo cannot leave unrinsable film on hair to cover up natural lustre, as ordinary soap washing or powder shampoos do. Your hair is left radiant, silky, smooth. More amazing, embarrassing flakes of dandruff disappear with a single washing, leaving the scalp scrupulously clean.

Doctors recommend it because its thorough cleansing is the quickest, best way to a healthy head of hair.

Only half a teaspoonful for a perfect shampoo . . . the most economical and beautiful shampoo you have ever used.

Try Colinated "foam" Shampoo at once . . . It costs less per shampoo. And is obtainable at all chemists and stores.

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PHYLLIS puts career FIRST

● Phyllis Brooks in the garden of the quiet flat in a Hollywood suburb, to which she has just moved

● This smiling picture of Phyllis, spinning along a studio path on a bicycle, was taken on the day she signed her important new contract.

BLONDE ACTRESS TELLS FRANKLY HER MOTIVE FOR BREAKING HER ENGAGEMENT TO CARY GRANT

From JOAN McLEOD, in Hollywood

A FIVE-YEAR contract with RKO is the reason why fair-haired Phyllis Brooks broke off her three-year-long engagement to Cary Grant.

This statement has been made publicly by Phyllis herself—to stop the persistent and malicious rumors which have pursued Cary Grant ever since their separation.

"People in Hollywood, I have found, are actually taking sides, just as if our romance should be labelled 'The Case of the People v. Phyllis Brooks and Cary Grant,'" stated Phyllis to the Press.

"It would not be so bad if they did not insist upon taking my side, and, in doing so, hurting Cary.

"I was not the unsuspecting little maiden left waiting at the church.

"I had my choice of Cary or a career—and, with my eyes wide open and my head on my shoulders, I irrevocably chose the career.

Had to choose

"THERE comes a time in every girl's life when she desires above all things to be sensible," added the 26-year-old actress. "That time has come to me, and I cannot ignore it."

On first sight, it seems as if Phyllis' career were not very important.

She has never progressed beyond leading roles in very minor films, or very minor roles in leading films.

But it is not her past career which counts—it is the promise of the future.

"Not being able to give up my career may sound as if I am spoiled and selfish.

"But my career was something that did not belong to me alone—it belonged to my parents and those who had helped me all those years.

"I do not know when ambition came to me personally, because for many years, almost from the moment I was born, my mother had ambitions for me.

"I do know that it is almost six years since I signed my first motion-picture contract. Six years is a long time to work and hope and struggle.

"Those past years saw me in good parts, in bad parts, in Hollywood, New York, in Europe—but always and always great success lay ahead.

"During all those years my parents stood by me, making many sacrifices. That is a debt that only success can repay.

"To throw up a career just at the moment when a five-year contract might clear up the indebtedness was just too cruel, too senseless."

This solution to her problem sounds too ruthless.

Other actresses in Hollywood have most harmoniously combined marriage with film work. Carole Lombard, Anne Shirley, Barbara Stanwyck, Jeanette MacDonald—all are actresses married to actors, and extremely happy.

"If I kept on my career after marriage, I would not be the wife Cary would want—and I would not blame him," explained Phyllis.

"It might be different if I were already an established star; then we might compromise. But there could be no compromise in our case.

"Either I should have to sacrifice all the hopes and ambitions I ever had, or Cary would have to sacrifice his hopes of a real home, with a wife devoted entirely to him. Since I felt that I could not make the sacrifice, I would not permit him to make it.

"We could even have gone on as an engaged couple, content to wait years before marriage. But neither the fans nor the Hollywood colony would look upon us as two ordinary people.

Harmful gossip

"THEIR gossip, their criticisms, their speculations would not leave us alone.

"It was misplaced chivalry which put Cary in a spot where he could not defend himself—where he was blamed for 'keeping me dangling on,' or of being 'reluctant to name the day.'

"That sort of attitude I could not stand any more."

Surely her present sacrifice for her career will not mean that Phyllis puts romance out of her life altogether.

"Some day, when I feel that my career has been given every chance that it justly deserves, I expect to marry, and to give that marriage its full due of devotion," concluded Phyllis staunchly.

And will that marriage involve Cary Grant? Only time will tell.

W. P. Apter

STYLED BY NEW YORK

From America's most famous styling salon — thronged by New York "cafe society"—William Philip Apter brings this crazy, coquettish, yet wholly intriguing arrangement. His Kosan Beauty Salon now numbers Sydney's socialites, stage and concert celebrities.

"Cockaigne represents a 'military influence' styling I picked up, passing through Hollywood," says Mr. Apter. "I have dressed it to demonstrate the remarkable wave-holding properties of VELMOL, the use of which retains essential softness and sparkle."

Its secret is "DAMP-SET"

Leading hair stylists agree that Velmol *damp-setting* is the modern, easy method of managing modern, difficult coiffures! . . . . Works perfectly on any hair—any wave. So simple . . . and takes but four minutes! Velmol sets waves—and **holds** them—soft, glossy.

Velmol makes your expert salon set last longer; enables you to fix disarranged "hair-do" back into place after sport, slumber . . . or to *damp-set* your own hair after shampooing.

Save on time, temper and money! Whatever your hair-style—elaborate or simple, keep it smartly *damp-set* with **Velmol.** Get a 2/- bottle today, from your Chemist or Toilet Counter. . . . Ask for **VELMOL.**

(Just a wet comb . . . and then a few drops brushed through the hair.)

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Now it's life on the ocean wave

A BOOM YEAR FOR SEA FILMS—MADE ON STUDIO SETS

By
CHRISTINE WEBB
in Hollywood

IT is in keeping with the times that Hollywood should turn to "escape" films—vivid romantic and adventure dramas—for your entertainment.

You can expect a big new film cycle of sea pictures this year.

These films will range in subject from period adventures to modern dramas.

Modern luxury liners, Spanish galleons, and picturesque sailing ships will all have an important place on the screen.

Hollywood is once again turning to Australian history. MGM is planning a life of Captain Cook.

Frank Lloyd, producer of "Mutiny on the Bounty," has not lost interest in Captain Bligh. When he completes "The Howards of Virginia" he will make another film dealing with Bligh's career.

Adventure during the Napoleonic Wars is the theme of at least two coming films.

"Captain Horatio Hornblower," which combines three of C. P. Forester's novels, is the story of a reckless British sea-dog fighting Napoleon's fleet.

Girl sailor

ALREADY in production is "Captain Caution," based on a story by Kenneth Roberts, author of "Northwest Passage."

"Captain Caution" picturesquely recounts the trials of an American girl who captains her father's ship in the war of 1812.

Louise Platt has this coveted role.

Hollywood simply can't resist the biographical touch—so this year it's "John Paul Jones," a screen version of the life of the Father of the American Navy.

Film provides romance aboard ship and battles at sea between the picturesque sailing-ships of the late eighteenth century.

There are plenty of modern seafaring films. John Ford, whose "Stagecoach" pictured the adventures of nine people during a forty-eight hour coach ride, is directing a similar type of story with the sea for the background.

This is "The Long Voyage Home," by Eugene O'Neill, which deals with a journey aboard a merchant ship loaded with high explosives.

Akim Tamiroff, Ray Milland, and Susan Hayward are starring in "Mystery Ship." A film on Fox's production list is "Song of the Island," story of a New York girl who sails to Hawaii and meets a sugar plantation owner.

When a suitable leading man can be found, Loretta Young will play in a luxury production to be made by Tay Garnett, called "World Cruise."

Loretta will wear a wardrobe guaranteed to rouse the envious admiration of every woman who has ever planned the taking of an ocean voyage.

One of the biggest of the coming maritime productions will be Twentieth Century-Fox's "Down to the Sea in Ships."

The studio is sending a special unit to the South Seas to film some of the sequences.

A nautical spot in Hollywood at the moment is Warners. Nearly every stage in that studio is covered with assorted ship sets that have just been used.

In "Till We Meet Again," in which the action takes place aboard ship between China and San Francisco, Merle Oberon, Pat O'Brien, and George Brent worked on the studio's "S.S. Berenda" nearly every day for six weeks.

Another modern ship moored in the studio, the "S.S. Arturo," was used by James Cagney and Ann Sheridan in scenes for "Torrid Zone."

In the studio, too, is the steamer used for scenes in "All This and Heaven, Too," for Bette Davis' crossing of the English Channel.

New ocean stage

THE most impressive sea set ever erected in a studio is the vast new ocean stage on which scenes for "The Sea Hawk" are being made.

On the stage, which can be filled with water to a depth of twelve feet, Errol Flynn and a crew of four hundred are handling "The Sea Hawk," a British hulk, and the "Madre de Dios," a Spanish galleon of Elizabethan times. The ships, built at a cost of £30,000, are a remarkable sight. The former is 135 feet long, 65 feet high from deck to mast top, and weighs 127 tons fully equipped. The Madre de Dios is 165 feet in length and weighs 142 tons.

The ships are equipped with a mechanical rocking device that exactly duplicates the movements of a ship at sea in any given weather.

It is amusing to watch Mike Curtiz playing an up-to-date version of King Canute while directing scenes for the film aboard the vessels Albatross and Madre de Dios set upon this artificial ocean.

The only difference is that Mike's ocean will always do his bidding.

When he wants his ships to rock in a stormy sea he just yells, "Fill 'er up, boys!" and thousands of gallons of water pour into the stage, filling it to a depth of twelve feet with waves and everything.

If he decides the place is getting too damp, and wants to shoot scenes aboard the ships without water background, he simply orders his ocean to recede until further notice!

It's one of the sights of Hollywood to see the jovial Mike bobbing about on a raft between his two craft, shouting orders to mobs of battling extras. He gets as much fun out of it as the onlookers. "I never had any boats to play with when I was a little boy," he explains. "But I think I know how the kids feel now."

• Attractive brunette Brenda Marshall, who plays opposite Errol Flynn in Warners' "The Sea Hawk," one of the most important sea films being made this year. With her is Jeffry Lynn.

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1 **IN LAWLESS** Kansas town before Civil War, Texan Bob Seton (John Wayne) falls in love with Mary (Claire Trevor).

2 **TO RESTORE** order Seton stands for election as town marshal, defeating ambitious Cantrell (Walter Pidgeon), who is also in love with Mary.

3 **FURIOUS AT** Seton's victory, which hinders his secret dream of founding an empire along the Mississippi, Cantrell organises ferocious guerrillas.

4 **ON OUTBREAK** of Civil War, Mary, believing he is fighting for the southern cause, marries Cantrell.

5 **THEN CANTRELL,** plotting an attack on Kansas, traps Seton's oncoming posse. It is then that Mary realises her husband is inspired not by patriotism but by mad desire for power.

Roles from history

"DARK COMMAND" BASED ON LIFE OF AMERICAN BANDIT

REPUBLIC'S "Dark Command," starring Walter Pidgeon, John Wayne, and Claire Trevor, deals with a colorful but comparatively little-known episode from American history.

It is the story of William Cantrell, schoolteacher, who lived in Kansas in the 'sixties. He plotted the founding of an empire north and west of the Mississippi River, with himself as emperor.

Those were the days before the Civil War, when Kansas, buffer between the bitterly-opposed northern and southern States, was overrun by soldiers of fortune, dealers in bootleg rum, adventure-seeking youths, and lawless murderers.

Cantrell easily found men willing to aid his Napoleonic scheme.

In this film, which is based on a book of the same name by W. R. Burnett, as well as on historical research into pre-Civil War and Civil War documents, Walter Pidgeon plays Cantrell.

Pidgeon was borrowed especially for this role from MGM, the studio with which he has a contract.

Popular Team

CLAIRE TREVOR and John Wayne, teamed once again, play fictional parts from Burnett's novel.

Wayne has the role of a happy-go-lucky young Texan, Bob Seton, fighting on the side of the north; Claire, a girl loyal to the southern cause, who is drawn by Cantrell's magnetic charm.

But she loves the honorable, kindly Seton, too.

"Dark Command" is the film which cost Lloyd's of London a quarter of a million dollars—the highest insurance which the company has paid in the past four years.

Claire was taken ill just after Republic began production on the film. She was absent for several months.

Republic, insured during production as are all film companies, estimated the loss entailed by the delay at one-third of the film's original budget.

This covered salaries that had to be paid although the players were not working, wasted sets, and idle, but expensive, plant.

The studio successfully claimed for the full amount from Lloyd's.

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PRIVATE VIEWS

• By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer •

★★ IRENE

(Week's Best Release)

Anna Neagle, Ray Milland, Billie Burke. (RKO.)

PRODUCED and directed in Hollywood by English Herbert Wilcox, "Irene" is an enjoyable musical comedy with many points of interest.

It is a revival—and a very lavish one, too—of the popular stage musical. It was also screened with Colleen Moore in 1926.

But, most important, it gives Anna Neagle, best known for her character portrayals, her first modern role in years. She plays (with an attractive Irish brogue) a glamorous mannequin, and wears a variety of luxurious gowns.

In this film Anna also sings and dances—both very charmingly.

The pleasant, innocuous story makes Anna a humble shop girl who gets a job as a mannequin in an exclusive New York salon. Her beauty wins her an entree into society, and she becomes the toast of Broadway.

Film provides a variety of entertainment and plenty of tuneful numbers. But its highlight is a color sequence in which Anna sings "Alice Blue Gown."

Anna acts with vivacity, and in the color sequences looks really beautiful.

Ray Milland plays the secret owner of the exclusive fashion establishment; Alan Marshal is Anna's society admirer, with fluttery Billie Burke as his mother; May Robson is Anna's motherly but straitlaced grandmother—also with an Irish brogue. All these competent players do well.—Regent; showing.

★★ DANCING CO-EDS

Lana Turner, Richard Carlson. (MGM.)

HERE is something different in the way of college films. It has a refreshing—and feasible—plot, plenty of wisecracks, and that dazzling redhead, Lana Turner, for its star.

Lana is a sensation. She has never appeared more youthfully alluring than in this film.

The story is about a showman who launches a drive to find America's most attractive dancing co-ed.

As it is only done for the publicity, and as there is little likelihood of finding a co-ed who can really dance, the showman plants a professional dancer (Lana Turner) in one of the colleges.

As hero, Richard Carlson does his best work to date. And little brunette Ann Rutherford, of the Andy Hardy films, as Lana's girl-friend is adorable. She dances well, too.

This film also introduces band-leader Artie Shaw, Lana's husband (from whom she is now seeking a divorce). Shaw and his band provide some lively dance numbers.—Capitol; showing.

★★ THE DOCTOR TAKES A WIFE

Loretta Young, Ray Milland. (Columbia.)

"THE DOCTOR TAKES A WIFE" is a lightly amusing, romantic farce, with occasional really hilarious moments.

Loretta Young plays an authoress who hates marriage and dominating males; Ray Milland is a medical college instructor who wants to become professor, and who believes woman's place is in the home.

Then, for publicity's sake, Loretta's publisher, Reginald Gardiner, suggests that they pose as man and wife until Loretta's next book is written and on the stands.

The couple agree, although they cordially detest each other, and fight and bicker all the time.

Loretta in a series of luxurious gowns has never looked lovelier. Ray Milland makes an attractive hero. Gardiner as the publicity-promoting publisher and Edmund Gwenn as Milland's lovable, muddling father do well.—State; showing.

★ HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES

Margaret Lindsay, Vincent Price. (Universal.)

ALTHOUGH this is an ably-acted film and captures well the brooding atmosphere of the Nathaniel Hawthorne novel upon which it is based, "House of Seven Gables" is slow-moving, gloomy fare of a limited appeal.

The story is set in New England in the early nineteenth century.

Vincent Price and George Sanders play sons of Gerald Pyncheon (Gilbert Emery), owner of the House of Seven Gables, which has been under a curse for generations.

During a quarrel with Price, the father falls and dies. Price is given imprisonment for twenty years on the evidence of his brother.

Hepzibah (Margaret Lindsay), their cousin, who is in love with Price, inherits the house, where she goes to live, awaiting her lover's release.

Handling the transition from girlhood to embittered spinsterdom, Margaret Lindsay gives an excellent performance. So do Sanders as the venomous, money-mad brother and Price as his quick-tempered victim.—Lyceum; showing.

★ SANDY IS A LADY

Sandy Henville, Nan Grey. (Universal.)

THIS is an entertaining little comedy with appealing three-year-old Sandy.

As did her previous three films, this one features Sandy's cute poses and baby antics—which should please women, and especially young mothers.

Story concerns mischievous Sandy's adventures in the big city on an afternoon's solitary stroll.

Sandy gets into a good deal of trouble, finishing up on the steel girders on top of a sixteen-story building under construction.—State; showing.

Shows Still Running

★★★ **(plus) Gone With the Wind.** Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable in superb version of best - selling novel, ranking as finest film of any year. Liberty, 12th week.

★★★ **My Son, My Son.** Brian Aherne, Louis Hayward in finely-acted dramatisation of novel. Century, 4th week.

★★ **The Great Victor Herbert.** Allan Jones, Mary Martin in feast of delightful melody. Prince Edward, 3rd week.

★★ **Waterloo Bridge.** Vivien Leigh, Robert Taylor in emotionally-stirring drama of Robert Sherwood's play. St. James, 2nd week.

★★ **Swanee River.** Andrea Leeds, Don Ameche in enjoyable drama with popular folk songs. Mayfair, 2nd week.

Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

SCREEN ODDITIES ☆ By CHARLES BRUNO

Here's hot news from all studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London

CHARLIE CHAPLIN is withholding release of his picture, "The Dictator," awaiting the turn of world events. He has not yet chosen the ending for the story, which ridicules Hitler

There were even rumors that Chaplin would shelve the film, since the world is hardly in a mood to laugh at Hitler. However, it is not likely that Chaplin will scrap a picture that cost him over a million and a half dollars.

❖ ❖ ❖

IT'S all off between **Judy Garland** and Robert Stack. Her big moment is **Ken Baker**, orchestra leader, and not Kenny Baker the singer, who is a husband and father

❖ ❖ ❖

JIMMIE STEWART has lunch with Olivia de Havilland in her dressing-room every day

❖ ❖ ❖

ALL the world thought **Anna Sten** was through with American films. She's the girl, you will recall, whom Samuel Goldwyn spent two millions to publicise. But she didn't live up to advance notices, and quietly passed out of Hollywood.

Now she comes back to play in "I Married a Nazi." Joan Bennett and Richard Greene will co-star with her.

❖ ❖ ❖

DARRYL ZANUCK has an anteroom to his office which is crowded with stuffed animals, proving his ability as a hunter.

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BABY QUINTANELLA, who made his debut in Eddie Cantor's "Forty Little Mothers," was such a hit that he has now been cast as the son of Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert in "Boom Town."

MGM may decide to build up Baby Quintanella as a rival for Universal's Baby Sandy

❖ ❖ ❖

IDA LUPINO has signed up for four pictures at Warner Bros. Her first assignment will be "They Drive By Night," with George Raft, Ann Sheridan and Humphrey Bogart.

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GYP, the pony Bob Taylor rode when he was a youngster in Nebraska, is now established in the stables of the Taylor ranch in San Fernando Valley to spend his remaining years in comfort

Bob's mother was visiting her home town and discovered that Gyp was still alive and quite spry, despite his eighteen years. She bought the animal and shipped him out to Bob as a gift

❖ ❖ ❖

DOLORES DEL RIO'S interest in the youthful Orson Welles is more than casual. The 24-year-old author-actor-producer escorts the glamorous Latin everywhere, and their mutual admiration seems enthusiastic, to put it mildly.

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VICTIM of an unusual accident was Rex Robinson, stunt man working in Hal Roach's "Turnabout," picturisation of the amusing Thorne Smith novel.

Robinson recently spent half a day falling flat on his face for a movie scene—a trick he managed quite easily, without injury.

But he went home, started re-enacting the stunt in his sleep, and flipped himself out of bed. Result was three broken ribs and a gash on his forehead!

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THE PATTERNS
ARE BEAUTIFUL
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WITH SPOTWELDED COLLARS

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The best known relief
ASTHMA — choking terror of so many — is soothed away, breathed away — by inhaling VAPO-CRESOLENE while you sleep. Makes breathing normal, sleep restful.
Mr. G. B., Camden Rd., London N., writes: "I have for many years been troubled with Asthma, but have found great relief from evaporating VAPO-CRESOLENE in the room I sleep in. Others to whom I have recommended it have also found it very helpful."
For 60 years the proved vapour treatment for Asthma, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Croup. Drugless, Harmless.
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quickly brings relief
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WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—
Without Calomel — And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.
The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue.
Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely.
Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3.

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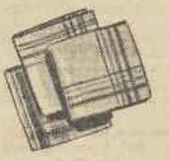
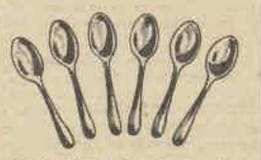


MEN'S HANDKERCHIEFS. — Set of three, fancy borders.



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CASSEROLE.—Capacity, 3 pint, round shape, guaranteed quality.

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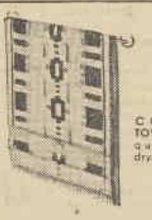

COLOURED TOWEL. — Fine quality quick drying.

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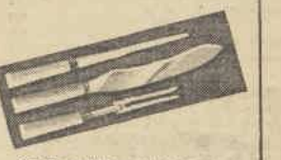

SET OF CARVERS.—Including pair of Sheffield steel carvers and steel.

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Through this page you can share your opinions. Write briefly, giving your views on any topical or controversial subject. Pen names are not permitted and letters must be original.

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HOUSEWIVES' TASK

AS an Empire we now must win this war alone.

To many of us whose main job is the care of a family our war effort may not be spectacular. But we can be most useful.

We must not discuss the war unless to destroy defeatism.

We must study food values to be sure that we are supplying elements necessary to keep nerves and bodies in health.

We must not destroy those elements by faulty cooking.

We must eliminate waste of anything, and see that our children are equally careful.

£1 for this letter to Mrs. G. Davies, 64A Kingsland Rd., Berala, N.S.W.

❖ ❖ ❖

TOO CRITICAL

EVERY girl who is dissatisfied with her personal appearance should remember that she is better-looking than the looking-glass bids her believe.

No one ever looks so closely at a face or is so critical of it as its owner who looks at her reflection in the glass.

Blemishes that are a worry to the owner may pass unnoticed by her friends.

Mrs. MacGillivray, Box 1, Clare, S.A.

❖ ❖ ❖

PARENTS' RIGHTS?

DO we really owe our parents anything other than respect and love, if they warrant the latter?

Are we not their responsibilities by their own choice?

Why, therefore, should we be termed ungrateful and selfish for not following their every whim and wish when we are old enough to decide for ourselves?

They merit our respect, which is their just due, only if they fulfil their obligations to us.

J. C. Jones, 33 Hornby St., Windsor S1, Vic.

Is dignity lost when father pushes the pram?

WHY should pram-pushing or baby-carrying lessen a man's dignity? E. S. Paap (6/7/'40).

He accepts complacently enough the numerous congratulations that pour in on him when the baby arrives, so why should he not just

Proud of his task.

as proudly sally forth behind the pram if necessary?

The disadvantages of parenthood (if any) should be shared equally by both parents.

Mrs. J. R. McNamara, 33 Bringa Ave., E. Camberwell E6, Vic.

More a privilege

I CERTAINLY think that a man should carry the baby or push its pram.

I have never known a case where a man has made a duty out of what he usually regards as a proud privilege.

When my three children were babies I had to persuade my husband to let me carry them for a change.

Any man who is a happy husband and father is proud to be seen carrying his child or wheeling its pram.

Mrs. D. Read, Somerset, Pittwater Rd., North Manly, N.S.W.

Remain single

WHILE the responsibility of caring for the baby generally falls to the lot of the wife, a husband who thinks anything of his child will not consider his dignity when it comes to taking the offspring for an airing.

If masculine dignity is of greater import than love of one's children or consideration for one's wife, such a man had better remain single.

Mrs. J. E. Baldwin, 730 Burwood Rd., Hawthorn East E3, Vic.

Can compromise

THE question can only be settled by the circumstances of each individual married couple.

A spirit of compromise is best. The father should willingly take the baby when the wife needs help, and the wife should not impose the task on him unnecessarily.

Did the Duke of Kent lose any dignity by wheeling his son's pram? On the contrary, his example was followed on all sides.

Miss O. Maher, c/o Post Office, Kogarah, N.S.W.

Rare occasions

MAN, being the stronger sex, should of course carry the baby.

With what contempt would we regard a man who walked beside his wife while she carried a burden of any kind!

During the day, when the wife goes out, she has no choice but to carry her baby, but the occasions on which her husband can accompany her are so rare that he should be only too glad to lessen her burden for her.

Mrs. E. Murphy, Houghton, S.A.

Looks proud

A MAN should take his turn at nursing or wheeling an infant. Whenever I see a father pushing a perambulator I think what a happy person he appears to be and what a proud father he usually looks.

The man who thinks it undignified really should feel it a sense of duty to relieve his wife, who has the responsibility of caring for the baby all day.

Elma I. Martin, 101 Holmes Rd., Moonee Ponds, Vic.

Many chances to prevent country slums

I DO not share the views of Miss Jean Bull (6/7/'40) that slum areas are likely to spring up in country towns or that living in these towns is any more of a hardship than living under the same conditions in the city.

Any suggestion of extending city plans to provide better homes in the country is unnecessary, as the majority of the "hovel" dwellers are old-age men pensioners or the unemployed.

It would be more satisfactory to provide work for them, and then with improved finances the "hovels" would soon disappear.

H. Cox, Batman and Elimatta Sts., Braddon, A.C.T.

Revise laws

NUMEROUS readers will agree with a denunciation of country slums.

Apparently anybody can walk into rural areas and erect a humpy!

It is unfortunate to note that when the slums are disappearing from the city they are multiplying in the outback.

What is required is uniform municipal laws so that these eyesores may not deflle the landscape.

Another urgent necessity is a civic conscience on the part of our young people. When that is achieved, the slum, both in the city and in the country, will be only a memory.

Mrs. E. Smith, 134 Wakefield St., Adelaide.

Gives war as reason for only pretended savings

WE seem often to be hearing these words: "Because of the war I am not going to buy a new hat or dress this season."

Many times persons say this who have no intention of giving the money saved to the war effort, and also it is said by others who would not be buying a new outfit anyway.

The wealthy woman could buy a hat, though a cheaper one, and give the difference to the war fund.

The poorer woman could still buy her hat and help in some practical way.

We should not bask in the false patriotic glow of a generosity that has not been given.

Mrs. A. N. Watkins, Hargreaves Rd., Manly, Qld.

City areas first

WE should not allow slum areas to develop in the country, but first of all we should look about the suburbs close to the cities.

In many the homes are a disgrace to the municipalities.

Even if they were only painted they would brighten the lives of the tenants and make the view more pleasant for the thousands of passers-by.

If our country is to become well known for its beauty, we should leave nature alone, and improve on man's handiwork.

Miss D. Gray, 30 Lancelot St., Allawah, N.S.W.

Left alone

THE family which lives in a tumble-down shack in the country may get more fresh air than one which exists under similar city conditions, but on the whole the life is far harder.

I have seen some appalling huts in the country which I doubt would be tolerated in the worst city slums.

Because the evil is smaller, it does not signify that its growth is likely to be less continuous.

R. V. Leslie, Park St., St. Kilda S2, Vic.

Should wife get salary for personal use?

IT should not be necessary for a wife to receive a set amount of money apart from housekeeping for her duties in the house. Mrs. Bell (6/7/'40).

Those duties should be a pleasure in a happy home.

Very few men, I am sure, deny

Shares salary with wife.

their wives the necessary clothes and outings which they can afford, and the ideal arrangement is for husband and wife to look on whatever they earn or possess as belonging to them both.

Mrs. C. Harris, Pelham St., Coorparoo, Brisbane.

Joint account

I AM one married woman who would not care to receive money for home duties

"With my worldly goods I thee endow" surely does not mean a few shillings a week.

After our expenses are paid, all surplus money is placed into a joint account, to which we both have access.

Mrs. W. Perrin, Cornumberri, via Mansfield, Vic.

Share equally

ALL married women should have an allowance, apart from the usual housekeeping money, if the husband's salary is sufficiently large.

Too many people speak of the husband as the breadwinner, and as such entitled to more consideration then the wife.

Mrs. E. Dunn, O'Halloran Tce., Mt. Gambier, S.A.

LEARN OUR HISTORY

NO one will question the importance of history as a subject in our schools, yet too much stress is laid upon the past rather than the present.

A child that wins honors in medieval history and knows little of the age in which he lives is only half educated.

It is often said that education is no weight to carry, nevertheless I think that the majority of present-day scholars carry about with them a surplus of mental junk.

Mrs. E. Johns, 28 Divett St., Adelaide.

❖ ❖ ❖

SCOWL TOO MUCH

WHY must many women make such an ugly business of sport by adopting a ferocious expression? At tennis matches, particularly, so many give an impression of bitter hatred of their opponents.

Perhaps the average woman would play a better game if she copied the men and regarded opponents as just another pair of reasonably nice humans.

Even if that apparent regard is just a bit of acting, it does improve the general atmosphere.

Gertrude Stockwell, Tiaro, N.C. Line, Qld.

❖ ❖ ❖

WAR WEDDINGS

HAVE other readers wondered as I have at the sudden outcrop of weddings and engagements since the war?

When all peace and security are threatened this is surely an amazing reaction. Couples who would have normally been content to postpone their marriages until their positions were reasonably secure suddenly and unaccountably rush into marriage with little or no thought about anything but the immediate future. People who have met practically for the first time decide to marry without delay.

Can there be any real foundations for happy married life in this marriage scramble?

Miss Peggy Rutherford, 8 Nicoll Ave., Earlwood, N.S.W.

"Like a MIRACLE"

De Witt's Pills ENDED TERRIBLE BACKACHE

That's how Mrs. O. C. describes the case of her husband. She, too, suffered agonising back pains, but was restored to health by De Witt's Pills.

"I suffered in misery for years with agonising pains in the back. After taking De Witt's Pills I was completely restored to health."

Another letter from Mrs. O. C. says:

"My husband came home from work and could not straighten his back. He went to bed and I gave him your wonderful De Witt's Pills. In four days he was back at work—it was like a miracle."

If you are a victim of backache or any form of kidney trouble, get a supply of De Witt's Pills to-day. Take a dose to-night. In the morning discoloured urine proves that De Witt's Pills are cleansing your kidneys of the poisons and impurities that cause pain.

But don't expect one or two doses to effect a miracle. Take De Witt's Pills regularly for a few days and you will be delighted to find your pains disappear. Now is the time to start with the remedy made specially for weak or sluggish kidneys.

De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills

for Backache, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains, Urinary Disorders and all forms of Kidney Trouble. From all chemists, prices 1/9, 3/- and 5/9.

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YOU WON'T HAVE GOUT IF . . .

Gout is due to a blood condition. If you have a tendency to acidity you are liable to suffer from it. There are various contributing causes. Unbalanced diet. Poisoned teeth. These upset the digestion. The liver and kidneys get out of order. Gout occurs. There is a simple prescription—*Kruschen Salts*. Kruschen Salts are not a patent medicine. They are not a drug. Their purpose is not to dull the pain, but to purify the blood. Kruschen is a combination of six natural salts. The analysis is on the bottle. Doctors recognise these salts as an admirable tonic for liver and kidneys. A pinch of Kruschen every morning in hot water or tea is an excellent preventive. Cleanses the blood. If an attack occurs take a half or a full teaspoonful. This will wash out the poisons thoroughly. The gout will go.

YOU'LL FEEL ALL THE BETTER FOR A PINCH OF

KRUSCHEN

Take Kruschen in tea or in hot water, as much as will cover a sixpence, every morning. 1/6 and 2/9 a bottle at Chemists and Stores.

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PILES DISAPPEAR

without Operation

Shrinks and Heals Piles, often in 5 days

THE primary cause of haemorrhoids is *internal* . . . stagnation of blood in the lower bowel. . . . Acting on this basis, Dr. J. S. Leonhardt, the specialist in rectal troubles, first tested his **internal** method of treatment on 1,000 patients with complete success in 980 cases! Now Dr. Leonhardt states that any pile sufferer may expect definite *relief, beginning in 24 hours, simply by taking these* pleasant tablets.

Vaculoid tablets, within 24 hours, begin to restore a normal, healthy, strong blood circulation through flabby, relaxed veins. Bleeding quickly stops — while broken, bloated blood vessels start to shrink and heal in about 4 or 5 days.

Many report that even in cases where an operation seemed the only hope, the use of **Vaculoid** *tablets has led to complete and lasting relief!*

Many may escape shadow of surgeon's knife with this doctor's remarkable internal remedy.

Don't delay any longer. Relief comes so quickly, you will wonder why you did not resort to this simple, pleasant method long ago!

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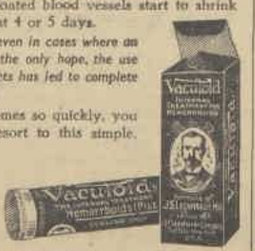

4/-.. All Chemists

CLINTON-WILLIAMS PTY. LTD.

Escape

Continued from Page 6

YES, I did. I spoke of her to that commissioner. Does the countess know about Sabina? Fritz said everyone in the village would be talking about the funeral. Would anyone speak of it to him? Suppose I said now: "My mother was buried this afternoon." But a man whose mother is being buried doesn't drop in for lunch, make jokes with young girls.

On the other hand, a man like the general doesn't so publicly disregard the decencies. He doesn't insist that a man who knows his mother has just died should dine with a group of comparative strangers. So the inference is that either he doesn't know, or if he does, he thinks I don't know.

Perhaps by morning Fritz will be back with the passport. Then we can get out without even seeing him again. Then he'll forget it all. He isn't even yet concerned too deeply with me. He thinks of me, perhaps, as a nuisance more than anything. His contempt may blind him long enough for us to get away.

Yes, that sounds all right, but still there's to-night to be lived through. Here I am. Upstairs is Emmy. Earlier this evening I heard a slight thump on the ceiling, and the countess couldn't resist looking, and the general noticed that.

The general said: "Ruby, did you know Mr. Preysing's grandfather was Richard Ritter, the painter?"

"Yes, I did."

"Curious coincidence, isn't it? As I told Mr. Preysing, he once painted my father-in-law."

"Yes."

"He also built that house everyone used to admire so much . . . Do you admire it, Mr. Preysing?"

"I've never seen it."

"Never seen it! What an extraordinary lack of curiosity."

"I've only been here a few days. It's not ours now, anyway."

"Yes, that's right, Mr. Preysing. It was sold, wasn't it? Not long ago, I believe."

"Yes, it was."

"How long have you been here, Mr. Preysing?"

"Let me see. A week, I think, or is it—yes, a week." He really found it impossible to remember. This week had no dimension in time.

"You've spent a good deal of it down here, haven't you?"

"Only two days. Last Friday and to-day."

But he felt a little more at ease. These questions were aimless. They weren't asked by a man with any definite direction. No, the general didn't know. But he was still trying to find out.

The music changed to the Swan of Tuonela, and the general recognised that. "How that music fits you, Ruby," he said. "You've always made me think of a swan . . . Doesn't she make you think of a swan, Mr. Preysing?"

"Yes," said Mark absently, and then he was annoyed, even now, because he and the general had thought the same thing. "A white swan with a brilliant orange beak and narrow, vicious eyes," he said.

"So young, so carefree, so poetic!" The general screwed his monocle in to look him up and down. "As I probably was at your age. You are carefree, aren't you, Mr. Preysing?"

"Is anyone?"

"Some men have a gift of throwing off care. Even grave care."

"Perhaps I have."

"Perhaps you're just heartless, Mr. Preysing. Perhaps you have a feminine streak in you that makes you heartless—that is, if your interesting ideas about women are true."

Mark shrugged. He thought: He's even a bore. How can she stand him? But I don't despise him for that. Don't underestimate him. We move on one level, now, and on that he's at a disadvantage, though only temporarily. There are other levels. He's not at a disadvantage on them. He's groping. He wants to find out what's wrong here. He doesn't see yet, but perhaps he has unconsciously begun to see. He is like a hound confused by many smells, but his muzzle is pointed in the right direction, and at any moment he'll pick up the smell of the hunted.

I ought to get out, Mark thought. It's my being here that is wrong. I ought to leave him to her. She can handle him, and I oughtn't to care how she does it.

He took a long look at her, seeing her with her arms laid across the card table, her deathly, autumnal beauty full of chill and blight. Perhaps I'll never see her again. What will it be like in America? Never seeing her again; never even hoping to see her?

He caught the general's eyes on him in astonishment, and he knew his face had shown too much.

"I think I'd better be leaving," he said. "Don't bother to drive me. I'd like to walk."

"I think you had both better go," the countess said. "I have a bad headache to-night." She ran her hand along her forehead.

"So!" the general said slowly. Mark saw the instant tightening of his face. The vein in his forehead began to pulse. "So! We are dismissed, are we?" He might be inept and heavy, but he had power in him.

Then he said, "The classic headache. Mr. Preysing, you and I will share the headache. If I must leave, so must you, and vice-versa. Will you have a drink before we leave? It may be cold going back."

The countess said, "Perhaps you'd like whisky." She got up.

"Can't he drink what we have?" the general said.

"Americans like whisky," the countess said.

"Then ring for it."

"No. I'll see to it myself. Juli is in bed."

She turned and went quickly out. The general's face was ugly with anger, and suddenly Mark knew in a flash what it was that had so far been their salvation. Mark and the countess together hid the real danger from him. He was concerned entirely with their relation to each other; what was its quality; if it endangered his own.

He could only concentrate on what would affect himself, even though his instinct might already have told him there was more to it than that. It was his jealousy that was their salvation. As long as he kept to that they were safe, and Emmy might get up and walk out the front door undisturbed.

MARK got up and followed the countess out of the room. He walked boldly after her, and the general didn't follow him. Across the hall he went, and into the white pantry.

The countess was standing by the table, watching the swinging door. As he pushed it open her face changed, and he knew she had heard his steps and thought it was the general. When he reached her, she put her hand on his shoulder and leaned against him as though to steady herself. Mark put his arm around her waist and bent so that his cheek touched her hair. They stood together for a moment, supporting each other against whatever might come.

"Don't make him too jealous," she whispered, as she moved to stand by his side.

"I won't. But a little jealousy will save us, perhaps."

"Perhaps."

"How is she?" he whispered.

"She's quite all right. She had some food and sleep. She can walk a little bit."

"I want to see her."

"It's impossible now. Don't think of it. She's quite all right."

He looked over her head at the door, expecting to see it swing inward at any moment.

"When can you get away?" she asked.

"I don't know. It depends on Fritz and the passport. Does he know?"

"The general? He knows about the trial. He doesn't know what day it was to have been. I think he doesn't know about the funeral. Not yet. But I'm not sure. I don't dare ask him."

How helpless they seemed, standing there together with no plan, no knowledge, almost no will between them. He let his arm slip from her.

She went over to a cupboard and opened it. "Of course, I have no whisky, really," she said. "It's terribly expensive here." She reached up to the shelf and pretended to look. "I'll send you a note to-morrow to tell you when you can come."

"You've got to get rid of him," he said. "I don't mean only to-morrow. I mean forever. He's ruining you. Maybe he'll even kill you in the end. Can't you see that?"

She didn't answer.

"Do you love him?" he asked.

She closed the cupboard door and turned around, leaning against it with her hands behind her.

"You shouldn't have asked me that."

"I have to. Tell me, do you?" His eyes searched her face, but he saw only uncertainty and pain.

"I don't know. I have loved him—for many years."

He felt a shudder go all through him: How can these things be understood or accepted?

"You're not happy!" he cried. Then he added desperately, "But you were happy this morning. I could see it."

"Yes, it's true. I'm not happy. I don't know whether it's because of him. Perhaps it's not all his fault. It's everything here. We're locked up here, really. The two of us. I feel dead. Perhaps he does, too. This morning when you came, when both of you came into my house, it was suddenly different. I suddenly felt alive."

"Do you love me?" he asked.

"No, it's not that. Or it's not love as I think you meant it at the concert that night."

"I'm asking you what it is you want."

"I want you to be free."

How little that would seem in another time, in another place. But not here.

"If only we had more time!" he cried.

"We've got to go back."

She went quickly over and pushed open the door. She walked back sedately.

The general was standing by the window with his back to them. He had lifted the curtain and was looking out at the night.

"The snow is melting," he said. "There will be no ski-ing to-morrow." He turned around and his face was frozen. "Shall we go now, Mr. Preysing, or would you prefer to stay and have your whisky?"

"There was no whisky," the countess said. "No, you must both go now. It's late."

The general walked over and stood between them. "What are our plans for to-morrow?" he asked. "Since there's no ski-ing, what shall we do—the three of us?"

"Oh, Mr. Preysing is going to make some sketches of the girls here. Suppose you and I go off for the day. We could make a little excursion."

She will get him away, Mark thought. Give me a free hand for the day.

But the general was suddenly suspicious. "You and I, my dear?" he said ironically. "Isn't it a bit rude to leave Mr. Preysing?"

"No, he doesn't want to go. I asked him."

The general looked from one to the other. It was true. He could see it in their faces. They were indeed absorbed in each other. But they didn't want to be together. At any rate, not to-morrow. Why was that? Again the deep feeling of something very out of key, something illogical and sinister, struck him.

He stood so still he heard the whole silence of the house.

"Well, I'll come for you at nine," he said.

He kissed her hand and he and Mark said good night. She went with them to the door. She walked quickly and lightly, too, obviously relieved at getting them out of the house.

"Good night," she called almost gaily as they stood in the path. Before they had even got into the car they heard her setting the bolt in the door.

They rode back to the village in silence. The general was preoccupied with the strangeness of what he had just seen. He held to his certainty that Ruby did not love Preysing, except as an older woman may be flattered and touched and put in a sickly glow of rejuvenation by the obvious devotion of a very young man. And yet it was strange she didn't want him to-morrow. And the young man's face had lighted with relief when he heard her say that she would be away all day with her lover. And yet the young man was in love. And Ruby perhaps strongly pitied him. Pity? He tried out that word, too.

Suddenly the whole thing was clear: She pities him and so she is trying to help him. That's the whole secret. That's the pattern into which everything fits. I oughtn't to have told her about him. I aroused her pity. He'd never, perhaps, have dared himself.

His jealousy suddenly dimmed almost to nothing, but another fear took its place.

Please turn to Page 32

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Amami-tipped...

FOR LONGER-LASTING LOVELINESS

Amami Nail Varnish spreads evenly, dries quickly. It cannot crack, and does not peel off. There are 8 fashionable shades: colourless, natural (clear), natural (crème), coral, rose, ruby, rust and pearl.

AMAMI NAIL VARNISH

IF YOU PREFER A NAIL STONE...

Nearly everlasting. Gives nails smooth, lustrous finish, free from ridges, blemishes and roughness. If unable to obtain Amami Nail Stone please write to: *Geo. Ripley & Co., Macdonell House, Pitt St., Sydney.*

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR ended in 3 minutes

An amazing new discovery. Simply apply this fragrant cream — wash off with water — every trace of hair is gone. Skin is soft and velvety smooth. No stubble like the razor leaves, no coarse regrowth. The razor only makes hair grow faster and coarser. The old-fashioned depilatories were smelly and messy. The up-to-date quick, clean and easy way to get rid of unwanted hair is with New "VEET." 2/6 and 4/- (double size) at all Chemists and Stores.

WITHOUT RAZORS or smelly depilatories

Antiseptic Oil Heals Eczema

Make up your mind to-day that you are going to give your skin a real chance to get well.

Never mind what caused it—you've probably been like a lot of other people convinced that the only thing to use was an ointment or salve (some of them are very good) but in the big majority of cases these sticky salves simply clog the pores and the condition primarily remains the same.

Go to any good chemist to-day and get an original bottle of Moone's Emerald Oil.

The very first application will give you relief; and a few short treatments will thoroughly convince you that by sticking faithfully to it for a short while your skin troubles will be a thing of the past.

Don't expect a single bottle to do it all at once, but one bottle we know will show you beyond all question that you have at last discovered the one and only sure way to restore your skin to perfect health.

Moone's Emerald Oil is a clean powerful, penetrating Antiseptic Oil that does not stain or leave a greasy residue; and its healing properties have given absolute satisfaction for over twenty years.***

Women also Serve.

Air training corps study wireless operating

EVERY Tuesday night about 60 Melbourne girls don neat light blue overalls and navy berets and study the intricacies of wireless operating.

Members of Flights B and C, Squadron 8, of the Women's Air Training Corps, the girls are at present attending lectures and becoming proficient in receiving and sending messages in Morse on their "buzzers."

They are also learning the mechanism of wireless transmitters and receivers.

"Our object is to reach the standard required by wireless operators in the R.A.A.F.," said Miss Margaret Blackwood, leader of Squadron 8.

"Among the girls are some who have had previous experience of telegraphy, and they help the beginners."

Squadron 8 is one of the three squadrons in the technical wing.

The other two, 1 and 7, are concerned with motor transport. Each squadron consists of three flights, and while B and C are concentrating on wireless operating members of flight A are studying aero engines with a view to being able to take over from mechanics. Many in this flight are motor mechanics by occupation, but at present all are attending lectures on motor car engines. "There's not a girl in Flight A who can't take a car engine down and put it together again," said Miss Blackwood.

SQUADRON-LEADER MARGARET BLACKWOOD advises members of her squadron at work with "buzzer" and notebooks.

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Have rolled many miles of gauze bandages

NIMBLE fingers have rolled 120,000 yards of bandages since November at the dressing and bandaging section of the Red Cross in South Australia.

Material is cut in six-yard lengths, next into various widths, rolled by hand and re-rolled by a wooden hand-operated machine.

Under the supervision of Sister K. Payne-Hodge and Sister Helen Gordon, a number of Adelaide women are working at full pressure cutting dressings of gauze and cotton wool swabs and towels as well as bandages.

Sewing machines work at top speed. Hundreds of beautifully made finger stalls and eye and head bandages and caps are completed regularly.

Dressings are neatly tied up in old linen, marked and parcelled for despatch in calico-lined wooden boxes.

"After nine months' hard work we feel we are ready for any emergency," said Sister Payne-Hodge, who was awarded the Royal Red Cross for her service in the last war. Sister Gordon and many of the helpers also nursed abroad in the 1914-18 conflict.

Organises "Sister Bright's Cheerios" for camp concerts

KNOWN as "Queen of the Diggers" at Anzac House, Melbourne, Sister Bright (Miss Nellie Isaacs) has organised a concert party to entertain the soldiers in all outlying camps.

"Our aim is to keep our troops cheerful," said Sister Bright, "and the entertainment will consist of first-class artists."

The Women's Voluntary Register supplied Sister Bright with a list of names of concert entertainers, and with her co-helpers, Mrs. Bernard Heinze and Miss Vera Buck, she has compiled a list of performers.

Sister Bright is always working for the soldiers. A returned army nurse, she is a regular helper at the lounge and buffet at Anzac House, and takes men of the fighting forces out constantly to pictures and other amusements.

At all week-ends she takes men on leave for a day's outing in the country. "I always like to take twenty of the men at each outing," she said. She packs as many as possible into her own car, and friends follow with the rest to the hills where real billy tea, cakes, and smokes are given the men.

Enlisting with the A.I.F. in the Australian Army Nursing Service in 1914, Sister Bright was on active service abroad till 1918, when she was invalided home to Australia.

Two octogenarians are keen war workers

THOUGH she is blind and deaf, Mrs. Tinnock, 84-year-old war worker, of Cargo, N.S.W., is a member of the Red Cross. She winds all the wool for the other members, and a recent job she completed was 64oz. of wool.

Mrs. W. Smith, of Hurstville, N.S.W., is 87. She has just finished her eighty-seventh pair of socks for the soldiers since the outbreak of war.

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Six-year-old girl's novel war savings fund

SIX-YEAR-OLD Nerida Laver, of South Australia, is giving her "baby" teeth to help the war effort.

Each time she loses one, she puts it in a glass overnight, and next morning she finds 6d. in its place.

The money goes into her money box for the soldiers, and is taken with due ceremony to the Fund Depot to be handed in.

❖ ❖ ❖

Has given cottage for Red Cross funds

A GIFT of a cream-painted cottage has been made to the Red Cross and the Fighting Forces Comforts Fund by Miss F. E. Crouch, of Norwood, South Australia.

She gave it unconditionally to the Mayoress of Brighton, Mrs. F. J. Brown, to use as she thinks fit for local war charities.

The deeds and keys were formally handed over by Miss Crouch to Mrs. Brown in the garden of the cottage, which is in Brighton.

It has been decided to sell the cottage at auction this month, and if it is not sold it will be let, probably to the wife of a man in the A.I.F.

Scraps of material make useful clothes

MRS. W. J. ROEBUCK shows the dressing-gown she made from 24 unused fabric belts.

INGENUITY in using scraps of material is being demonstrated by a band of women war workers in Brisbane.

Registered as the Round Table League of Help, they make many garments out of odd scraps for refugees.

Pride of place is given to the full-sized velour dressing-gowns which are made from unused dressing-gown belts.

It takes 24 belts to make one gown, and Mrs. W. J. Roebuck, the treasurer, recently made three gowns in four days.

The belts have to be unpicked, then pressed and joined together, and the finished article is surprisingly neat and attractive.

Jack was always underweight

He's Healthy and Strong

No matter how carefully Mummy tempted him with nourishing meals, Jackie was always "off his food," under normal weight. Doctor told her, "Constipation is Jack's whole trouble. Put him on California Syrup of Figs. Thorough without being harsh it's ideal for children." Today Jack eats splendidly and he's putting on weight fast.

CALIFIG
NATURE'S OWN LAXATIVE
'California Syrup of Figs'

New *Under-arm* Cream Deodorant *safely* Stops Perspiration

1. Does not rot dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Laboratory tests prove ARRID is entirely harmless to any fabrics.

18 MILLION jars of Arrid have been sold. Try a jar today!

ARRID

2/- a jar. Also in 9d. jars.

All Chemists and stores selling toilet goods. Distributors: Passett & Johnson Ltd., Sydney.

I'm all glowing and warm, with

GLO-RUB

Even the most obstinate cold will respond to a HEARNE'S GLO-RUB treatment. It is very simple. Just put a little GLO-RUB in the nostrils and use GLO-RUB liberally to rub the chest and throat. Its soothing and penetrating vapour opens up the nasal passages for easy breathing, releases secretions and soothes swollen and irritated membranes. It penetrates in through the pores of the chest and throat to do a power of good with its pleasant and comforting warmth.

"BREATHE IT IN—AND BREATHE OUT YOUR COLD"

W. G. HEARNE & COMPANY LTD., GEELONG, VIC.

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Escape

Continued from Page 30

But that's terribly dangerous, he thought. Terribly dangerous. Ruby mustn't meddle in these things. She knows nothing at all about them. She's as ignorant as it's possible to be. What on earth would be Ruby's idea of help? How would she even start? What would she go on to?

I must find out all about this, he thought. I must find out about the Ritter woman. Where she is. What day she's to be executed. I mustn't let him put Ruby in a position I couldn't get her out of. If she should go too far——

He felt her to be in terrible danger, and himself along with her. In this unknown atmosphere he might even lose what he couldn't live without.

He'd have to get rid of him at once.

Mark also felt himself to be in deadly danger. Not himself alone, but all of them. Emmy, the countess, Fritz, the doctor. All of them were just trembling outside the general's grasp. Contempt wasn't enough to save them. Jealousy wasn't enough. The clue was almost in the general's hand.

When they got to the little inn the car stopped.

"Well, thanks for the ride," Mark said.

The general followed him slowly and heavily.

"Please don't bother to get out."

The general said curtly, "I want to speak to you."

They stood facing each other before the inn door.

"I don't think I like you, Mr. Preysing," the general said.

"No? Well, I don't like you either."

He tried to keep his voice calm and bantering. Must I, even now, he thought, be concerned as to a retort? Why not shut up altogether?

"Unfortunately for you," the general said, "I'm in a position to enforce my dislikes. I want to tell you that you must manage to leave here very shortly."

"How shortly would you suggest?"

"To-morrow."

"I must try to do that." He thought, I sound a burlesque actor.

He turned angrily to go, but the general caught his arm and whirled him back. His fingers were like iron. Shall we roll in the mud, now? Mark thought. Is it now that he kills me, or that I try to kill him?

He stood quite still.

"You take a great deal from me, Mr. Preysing," the general said. "I can't help wondering why."

"Don't wonder," Mark said. He laughed a little. "You've got all the odds. It's your country."

"I don't think I'd stand it anywhere," the general said.

"Don't you! That's easy to say. Come over some time and find out."

"I think you're a coward," the general said.

The general let him go so suddenly that he almost fell. He wheeled into the door, and he would have liked at least to make a dignified exit, but even that was denied him. The door was locked for the night. He had to ring the bell and stand there waiting while the general, majestic and arrogant, got back into his car and was driven off.

When the door was finally opened, he understood why some grievances may make you want to kick an innocent man. He'd have liked to kick the obsequious little clerk who stood there.

. . . . . .

After she had bolted the door, the countess warmed some milk and some of the soup left from dinner. She put these and some fruit on a tray and carried them upstairs. When she unlocked the door she found Emmy sitting up in bed reading.

"How splendid!" Emmy exclaimed. "I'm hungry as a wolf. I never saw food look so good."

She dropped her book and the countess laid the tray across her knees. Emmy could feed herself now, and she ate with great relish, all but smacking her lips.

Emmy said, "You look very worried this evening. Has anything gone wrong?"

"I don't think anything has gone wrong. I think everything will probably go very well. It was just that my house seemed to frighten me this evening."

"Does it frighten you because I'm in it?" Emmy asked.

"No," the countess said, "not at all. It was just when my guests left, and for the moment when I felt alone in it, that I was frightened. Usually I feel so safe in my own house and it's such a pleasure for me to feel alone in it. Especially when people have just left me."

"I read somewhere once," Emmy said, "I think it was in a book by a very clever Englishwoman, that there is no pleasure like the departure of guests."

The countess smiled. "It wasn't entirely so to-night, and it was only when I came up here and found you that I felt less afraid."

"I heard the guests. They seemed very gay and young."

"Those were my girls. They sleep in another house. It's joined to this, of course. But I had guests, too."

"Was Mark one of them?"

"Yes. He wanted very much to see you to-night. But it didn't seem possible."

"I didn't really expect it. I'm willing to put myself in your hands without question."

But the countess knew she had stayed awake in the hope of seeing Mark. "Do you want to sleep now," she asked, "or may I stay with you for a minute?"

"Do stay, please. I've slept all day."

"I sleep so badly. Sometimes I can't sleep till nearly morning, and then I have to take veronal. I can't throw things away. They cling to me. Everything I do seems to cling to me forever." She spoke with that light, frivolous despair that always seems the most sick of all.

"You're not happy!" Emmy exclaimed.

It was the second time this evening this had been said to her, and in almost the same voice.

"I know it's not important whether I'm happy or not. But I have been happy. I know what it is to be happy. Now it's true I haven't been for a long time. Except just in a few flashes; such short flashes I don't quite know what they mean. They come in the midst of so much else that I know so well and can't get rid of."

Emmy clasped her hands behind her head and looked up at the ceiling.

"You're a very beautiful woman," she said. "I suppose you're fairly healthy. I heard you singing a while ago, so you have music and things to enjoy. A great many people must love you, and you're fortunate in many ways. If I were a Martian come to observe the race of man, I'd probably decide the only happy people were those with failing eyesight, faithless friends, incurable diseases and no money. Probably because these are the only ones who are ever willing to throw dead experiences away."

The countess laughed nervously. This sounded so much like what Mark would say. She lost herself for a moment in the pleasure of their identity.

"You mean they're the only ones capable of making a fresh start."

"I suppose I do. I was reading a play by Sudermann just as you came in. I used to play in it. It's a good play, but reading it now bored me to death. I was thinking all the time of a play I'd like to have written and how I'd act it and put it on. It makes me happier to think of a good play that may be written than a good play that has been. I suppose I think happiness, like health, is a process of circulation and elimination."

"Then you're happy," the countess said. She looked at her closely—at her thick hair, the strong, delicate bones of her face, her eyes, as though the true secret would show in them.

"Oh, not quite so easily as that. I'm not an idiot. I'm happy at times and within reason. I'm not one to insist that everything is for the best in the best of all possible worlds. I don't congratulate myself that it was worth while going through all I've suffered in order to sit here eating candied nuts."

She gave a great ringing laugh, but the countess shuddered. "The world is so horrible now," she said. "It's grown too horrible for anyone to be happy in it. Who could be happy to-day? No, it's too horrible."

"It's always horrible. History, when you're in the midst of it, is always nearly intolerable to the decent and sensitive. It's only when a period is over and everything has been burned away but a few selected shells—buildings, books, a bit of law or music—that we can stand it. That's because we see the form and direction, and at the same time we don't know what it really was like to live in it."

"Then you think we can't ever be happy in the present?"

"At times, certainly. But I should say only if we are willing to throw a lot of it overboard the very instant it becomes the past. And it becomes the past the very instant after it's lived."

The countess sighed heavily. "I don't know what's the matter with me," she said, "but I'll tell you one thing: the happiest moment I've known in a long time was just after I had taken you into my house. Then I really did throw a great deal overboard. I don't know that I can go on with it. But I know I need a new life. Entirely different. A new life where I can love new things, in a way I've never known."

Suddenly her face went blank and reticent again. She sat aghast at what she had said. Emmy had the sensation of watching the countess drop away from her like a falling leaf. Respecting this reticence, she said nothing and looked away from her.

She felt suddenly so constricted, so overladen by all that had been done for her, that tears rushed to her eyes. These things she could never throw away. The inexplicable generosity, which even her own generosity couldn't quite bear or understand.

"Do you want anything before I go?"

"No, thank you."

"Good night, then."

The countess held out her hand and Emmy caught it impulsively and kissed it.

The countess drew it quickly away. Not because Emmy was another woman and her social equal, but because in her rigid state she was afraid of the entirely natural expression of a still-flexible being.

"Good night," she said again.

Flushed with embarrassment, she picked up the tray and went out.

. . . . . .

Mark sat on the edge of the bed and followed the general's mind back and forth on its hunt. He saw all the scraps as it nosed them and turned them over, and he saw how these scraps gradually fitted together and made a whole.

Please turn to Page 34

MY MOTHER

Time took a silver pencil,
Unnoticed year by year.
He gently touched to silver sheen
The glory of your hair.

Time took a charcoal pencil;
So lightly did he trace,
That imperceptibly appeared
The lines upon your face.

But one thing grew more lovely
With each succeeding day;
Not e'en the ruthless hands of Time
Could take your smile away.

—ELSIE PEARSON.

WHY have 26 million mothers changed to this one way of treating COLDS?

FORTY years ago, nearly every mother treated colds by giving a child medicine to swallow. Then came a new way. A few tried it—then more and more, until today more than 26 million mothers, in 71 countries, use it every year—far more than use any other remedy of its kind throughout the world.

This new discovery was Vicks VapoRub. What does it do that makes mothers prefer it?

AVOIDS "DOSING" STOMACH

Many mothers prefer VapoRub because it is so pleasant and safe—you simply rub it on throat, chest, and back. Since there is nothing to swallow, there is no risk of upsetting a child's stomach, and this is important because a stomach-upset lowers the strength just when it is needed to fight the cold. And VapoRub's relief is *quicker* as well as safer. Here is why:

WORKS DIRECT—NOT THROUGH BLOODSTREAM

When a child swallows medicine, it does not begin to bring relief until it has gone from his stomach into his blood and travelled all over his body.

Even then, it can do little more than reduce coughing or dull his senses so he feels the cold less. And swallowed medicine does practically nothing to help the clogged, irritated nose. But VapoRub brings relief to nose, throat, and chest immediately!

Before you finish rubbing, the body warmth begins to release VapoRub's soothing vapours, which are breathed in straight to the place where help is needed. And VapoRub does more . . .

RELIEF IN *TWO* WAYS

At the same time, VapoRub works on the skin like a poultice. Quickly these *two* actions—vapours and poultice—clear away tormenting phlegm and stuffiness, relieve coughing, make breathing easier. Warm and comfortable, the child relaxes and soon drops off to restful sleep—while VapoRub goes on working for hours. By morning, usually, the worst of the cold is over.

PROVED BY DOCTORS

In careful tests among 17,353 men, women and children, doctors *proved* that VapoRub ended colds quicker than ordinary treatments. If there is a cold in your family now, isn't it worth trying this discovery that both doctors and mothers have proved for you?

VICKS VAPORUB

SAY Goodbye Sandpaper Hands! WITH HINDS Honey & Almond CREAM

IT CREAMS...IT SOFTENS...IT BEAUTIFIES!

1/- and 2/- (REGISTERED SIZE)

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W.W. 27/7/'40

Serious Chances

Are Taken in Neglecting a Simple Case of Piles

Any person takes serious chances in neglecting an attack of Piles. This ailment has a tendency to become chronic and there is also danger of ulceration, and forming of Fistula, both very difficult to cure. The safest remedy for any form of Piles, whether itching or protruding, is DOAN'S OINTMENT. In using it there is no detention from daily occupation, and the many cures made by it have made it famous in every corner of the world. It enjoys a greater demand and more enthusiastic popularity than any other Pile remedy ever placed on the market.

Let DOAN'S OINTMENT give you the relief you so sorely need. Refuse all substitutes. Remember the name DOAN'S.

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Queen Alexandra's biography

Intimate record is dedicated to her great-niece, Marina

"The Private Life of Queen Alexandra," a biography by Hans Roger Madol, gives us glimpses of the lovely romantic personality of the Danish Princess who was Consort to Edward VII.

"The Sea King's daughter from over the Seas," as Lord Tennyson described the young Princess from Denmark, brought beauty and glamor to the British Royal House, which had been overshadowed by Queen Victoria's long mourning for her husband.

ALEXANDRA'S romantic marriage with Victoria's eldest son, her beauty and elegance, and her wide travels lent a cosmopolitan brilliance to the brief, glittering Edwardian era.

Her elegance established a period of romantic fashion which was so becoming that when it was revived in the practical 1930's women all over the world rushed to wear the coiffures, hats, and evening frocks that were an echo of the turn of the century.

Alexandra's pioneer reforms in hospital work and other social service established a tradition that has been carried on by her sons' and her grandsons' wives.

Hans Roger Madol gives an intimate, revealing picture of her in "The Private Life of Queen Alexandra."

Appropriately he dedicates his book to the Duchess of Kent, who bears such a marked resemblance to her great-aunt, and whose life story is similar in many respects.

Alexandra was born at the Yellow Palace, in Copenhagen, on December 1, 1844. Her father, Prince Christian — later Christian IX — was a member of a younger branch of the Royal Family and a penniless captain in the King's Horse Guards.

Alexandra shared an attic bedroom with her sister, Dagmar. Their mother taught them music, dress-making, and the practical side of housekeeping. Although the family was poor it was a large happy one.

Alexandra was regarded as a plain child until her early teens, and when every country in Europe was suggesting possible brides for the Prince of Wales her name was mentioned. But this fact was kept from the young Princess.

Edward Albert's mother, anxious to preserve friendly relations with Prussia, sent him to meet a Prussian princess, but he did not like her.

He met Alexandra in the summertime at her family's castle, Rumpenheim.

They immediately liked each other and, like any other young man and young woman, exchanged photographs.

Alexandra's beauty made her an immediate success with the English people.

Hans Madol describes the influence of Alexandra on English life, and tells movingly the effect of European events on Alexandra's personal loyalties to the various crowned heads of Europe who were her relatives and friends.

Many stories are told, too, of Alexandra and her five children.

Hans Madol quotes Lord Esher's colorful description of Edwardian high society.

"The Princess stepped at once into the leadership of what in those far-away days was called High Society. She was very young and very attractive, and all men and most women were at her feet.

"Society met and dined and danced in its own select homes. Season after season at uncrowded dances, at concerts where Mario, Patti, Nilsson, Melba, and Jean de Reszke gave of their best the Prince and Princess were leaders of society.

". . . But among all these bright scenes Marlborough House stood first; on hot nights when the great striped tent was spread away from the ballroom, when young couples now passed into dreamland sat up the stairway while their Royal host and hostess moved among what Disraeli called 'the gathering of the great world, the centre of a constellation of beauty,' the Prince and Princess looked like a young couple in a fairy tale."

"The Private Life of Queen Alexandra." By Hans Roger Madol. (Hutchinson.)

INCOGNITO

WHEN her daughter, Queen Maude of Norway, paid a State visit to Paris, Queen Alexandra was there incognito with King Edward.

The Queen of England, a grandmother of 65, found a place among the vast crowd in the Champs-Elysees and stood on a bench to wave her handkerchief as her daughter and son-in-law made their triumphal entry of the French capital.

A PORTRAIT of the Duchess of Kent, revealing her resemblance to her great-aunt.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA in the early years of her married life—one of the portraits published in Hans Madol's book.

PATIENTS ENJOY THEMSELVES IN THIS HOSPITAL!

Patients and nurses get a very nice "break" round about eleven o'clock every morning in this hospital. Steaming hot cups of Bonox are served. Nurses say that Bonox helps keep them going and the patients agree that it gives them new vitality. Doctors say that Bonox pours new strength straight into the blood-stream. Have your cup of Bonox to-day. You can get hot Bonox in cafes, hotels, milk bars. Buy a bottle of Bonox on your way home and have a steaming hot cup last thing before you go to bed each night. It's sold in 1, 2, 4, 8 and 16-oz. sizes.

BACK in the 1920's when Shanghai was a base for American warships, three burly United States sailors pushed down a hot, congested street in the native quarter.

Believe it or not, these three sailors bought three dozen tins of Kiwi shoe polish before setting sail on their long leave back home in the States. These three sailors found Kiwi so superior to their own canteen polish, that they preferred to buy Kiwi out of their own pockets. And when they got home Kiwi quickly proved to be first favourite with their families and the demand for "personal importation" grew amazingly.

Finally, of course, instead of supplies of Kiwi going to America simply by private purchase, regular quantities were sent over by the Kiwi factory.

★ ★

Kiwi Shoe Polish is 100% Australian owned and is almost as well known abroad as it is here. In fact Kiwi *sells in no less than 93 different countries.*

In every way Kiwi is a product that lives up to its reputation. It gives a *longer lasting shine and preserves the leather.*

Keep your shoes looking smarter. Use the polish that has been proved all over the world. Ask for Kiwi Black or Tan by name.

How experts get a "mirror-finish" shine with KIWI —

Of course you know how to polish your shoes . . . but here's a way to get a "mirror finish" shine. First of all rub the dust off the shoes. Then with a piece of cloth wrapped round the fingers, rub in a fair quantity of Kiwi Polish. When the polish is well rubbed in dip the cloth in water (which you can have ready in the top of the tin) and rub thoroughly all over the shoes. Now polish briskly whilst there are still little globules of water over the shoes. A perfect "mirror finish" will result.

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WORLD FAMOUS · 93 DIFFERENT COUNTRIES

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Escape

Continued from Page 32

"WHAT'S that American doing in town?" (Fritz said the whole village would be talking about it to-night.) "Why, he came to bury his mother. He and Fritz Keller buried her at three this afternoon."

So she's dead already, is she? And he buried her to-day? Then he has known everything that's been going on. He and this Fritz. ("An old servant, you say?")

"Oh, but Mr. Preysing was here for lunch." All that laughter at the table. "Mr. Preysing, you're just a scream!" . . . "I knew a tarantula once who kept a lady." . . . "You take a great deal from me, Mr. Preysing."

I'll telephone up to town as soon as it's light. I'll telephone and see what really happened there.

"But she wasn't executed, general. She died suddenly in the middle of the night."

"Oh? And who was with her?"

"Doctor Ditten was with her. She was his special case. He operated on her and saved her life a short time before."

Ditten? The fellow with the brusque, independent manner; trades on his uncle's position? Ruby's protege. She used to give him milk and cakes in the country when he was a staring blue-eyed child. He'd do anything for Ruby.

"Hold Ditten, will you, till I make a few more inquiries?"

There was a strange-looking truck, like a delivery truck, turning in the drive.

"I'm afraid I have a headache and you'll both have to leave." "Let's make an excursion somewhere tomorrow. Be gone all day." "Mr. Preysing has to stay here. He can't possibly come with us."

Mark went over all this, back and forth, adding a bit here and there, working on it as carefully as though he were the hunter and not the hunted.

If I only had the passport now, we could go at once. Even if everything goes smoothly, Fritz can't possibly get back till some time in the morning. Probably ten o'clock. And that's too late now.

Then he began to push forward into the day that was coming. He saw the doctor, drinking coffee before the little iron stove in his big room full of chilly morning light. Downstairs the bell jangling suddenly. "It's our bell, sir." The old servant looking at him. "Who can it be so early?" And the doctor's small blue eyes suddenly full of cold and obstinate courage.

Fritz stepping off the train, in his inner pocket the false passport. "Are you Fritz Keller?" The preoccupied sour look suddenly turning blank. "Come along with us."

Finally, the countess, in a white robe with a red cord around her waist, like a medieval penitent. "Don't go upstairs. There's no one up there. I forbid you to go!"

But if I had the passport, we could still get away. There'd be no one there. The upstairs room would be empty. That would leave the countess behind. Can I really leave her behind? Aren't some things worse than prison and torture and execution? No, there are no things worse. Let her take what's coming to her. She had him for years. She can go on having him.

What time is it now? Four o'clock.

If I don't get out in a few hours it's too late.

What can I do? Get Emmy and climb over the mountains in the dark? She can barely walk.

I've ruined everyone: the doctor, Fritz, the countess and myself. And Emmy worst of all. It will be a hundred times worse for her now. Better kill ourselves than go through what we'll have to go through.

But I should have killed him last night there in the snow. Him and his dummy driver with him. Perhaps I could have done it. It was so essential that I might have done it.

Someone was moving gently on tiptoe outside his door.

He's come for me.

He lay still, and a sick relief came over him. It was over at last. Now there was nothing he could do.

He heard voices, two low voices, murmuring. Then the steps tiptoeing past again.

The inner walls of the hotel were thin partitions, the doors pineboards with wide cracks. In the room next to his own he heard someone moving. A splash of water. Finally a loud yawn in a descending scale.

Someone was getting up early. That was all. A man next to him was shaving. The footsteps had been the clerk giving him an early call. He was a skier perhaps.

It was nearly five o'clock. Mark opened his door, went to the head of the stairs and looked down. From the office below came a dim light. He went downstairs and found the little clerk who had let him in the night before, his head against the wall, dozing, with his mouth open. He started awake, his eyes sleepy but surprised when he saw who it was.

"You wakened me," Mark said, "with all your tramping up and down the stairs."

"But I'm sorry, sir. I apologise. I went as quietly as I could."

He went on stammering, and Mark said, "I sleep badly. Anything wakes me."

He began to walk up and down the little office, his hands in his pockets, and the clerk watched him anxiously. He stood up behind his desk, not knowing what to do about it.

On the wall were brilliant railroad and tourist posters — snowy crags, castles and ski slopes.

Mark stopped suddenly. "Since I'm up, I might as well make an excursion. Can I hire a car this early? Where could I go for a day's excursion?"

The clerk began to hunt among the travel folders lying in pigeonholes and on his desk.

"You can go here . . . or here," he said, shuffling them out for Mark to look at. "Here's the most beautiful baroque church in the country. Here's the village which is the most famous in the world, if you except Nazareth and Bethlehem."

He was anxious to please. The general, Mark saw, had given him great prestige by his gracious call to take him dining with the countess. What if his mother was a criminal? Many in high places came to grief in these days.

THIS last glimmer of his prestige, so soon to vanish, Mark made the most of.

"You get me a car," he said. "I'll decide where to go later. I can't go back and go to sleep now. Send up some hot water, and some coffee and rolls."

He thought: At least I can go and get her and take her to another hotel. It will hold him off for a little while longer. Then, as he began to climb, he had a moment of vertigo and of hallucination. He saw himself and Emmy, the doctor, Fritz and the countess, all falling together in the Miltonic chute that Rubens had painted, and as they fell they turned also into stone and scales and green corruption. Because they were weak; and the offence of weakness, he saw at last, was unforgivable.

The clerk hurried after him with hot water. He shaved, but before he had finished the clerk was back with hot coffee and rolls. He had added butter and jam as an appeasement. Mark ate hungrily. It was still dark outside and the mist shrouded everything. It seemed to Mark kindly, because it gave him a feeling of shelter.

He took his overcoat and hat, and went downstairs again. The clerk was standing at the door looking out.

"What's the matter?" Mark said. "Can't you get a car?"

It was like the little cafe where he had waited for Fritz.

"Oh, yes, sir. Gertner's coming."

If Fritz would only turn up in the truck as he had before! Fritz and the passport. He walked up and down the office, looking at the travel posters.

"Why doesn't he come?" he asked.

"He has to have his breakfast. People don't usually start this early. It would have been better to order it the night before."

"I wouldn't have ordered it at all if you hadn't wakened me."

"He'll be here in a minute, sir."

But the car didn't come. Mark kept looking at his wrist-watch.

"Call him again," he said finally.

"He's coming as soon as he can, sir. He's got the best car here. I didn't want to get just any car."

Not for the general's pal, Mark thought.

Finally he heard it coming down the street. It filled the morning cold and stillness with its warm, purring sound.

Mark went to the door and saw a rather old but once luxurious limousine. The driver was red-faced still from sleep, but he looked exceptionally cheerful. He'd been told already that the eccentric foreigner who couldn't sleep wanted him for the day.

"I'll be back some time to-night," he told the clerk.

"Where do you want to go, sir?" the driver asked.

Mark told him to drive to the big resort town first, where he'd have a good hot breakfast and decide on what he wanted to do. They drove off slowly in the mist.

"This will clear right up as soon as the sun rises," the driver told him.

Mark asked him about the excursions he usually made and where was a good place to go. "I hate excursions," he said. "I never can make up my mind where to go or what to do."

The driver clicked his tongue sympathetically. He had heard, too, perhaps, about the funeral. "It's sad to travel alone," he said.

"There's a lady," Mark said, "who promised to make an excursion with me. I don't know whether she'd think it too early to start." He spoke as if to himself.

The driver said, "Ah, do you mean one of the countess' young ladies?"

"No, a guest of the countess."

"The countess used to have a lot of guests." The driver turned so that Mark saw his crimson profile and one sly blue eye. "Now she has very few."

"Turn in there," Mark said. "I'll see if I can persuade her to go."

The driver smiled rather impertinently.

To be concluded

Here is why harsh purges are unnecessary and why a nut-sweet breakfast cereal provides the one safe way to keep well.

Primitive people never suffered miseries with constipation as you do. They ate plenty of raw fruit and vegetables rich in bulk. This "bulk" gave the bowel muscles plenty to "take hold of". Savages? Yes . . but they weren't slaves to harsh purges. They were regular as a matter of course.

You think you have to swallow harsh cathartics simply because modern, civilised meals lack "sufficient bulk". Most of our daily staples . . . white bread, milk, meat, eggs and fish . . contain practically no bulk at all. How about those vegetables and fruits which keep savages regular? Okay . . but the comparatively small amount of vegetables and fruit YOU eat is usually cooked. Cooking destroys bulk. Result? You become irregular.

Nasty. Dangerous and Unnecessary. Over 75% of all serious abdominal ailments in people over 45 are caused by the constant taking of harsh purgatives. All this purging is unnatural. It results in chronic irritation damaging the colon and signs of intestinal toxaemia appear.

The one safe way to get permanent relief is to obtain food rich in bulk. However, a primitive diet of raw vegetables is unnecessary because doctors recommend Kellogg's All-Bran, the natural bulk food that acts on your bowels in exactly the same way as fruit and vegetables. The bulk in Kellogg's All-Bran forms a soft mass in the intestinal tract . . where it absorbs water and softens like a sponge.

Practically no bulk at all in these staple foods.

The delicate intestinal muscles . . which are weary from being constantly flogged into action by unnatural methods . . are gently massaged so that natural peristaltic action is restored. When you eat Kellogg's All-Bran regularly you need no system-damaging harsh purgatives.

No fuss or bother. Enjoy nut-sweet Kellogg's All-Bran every morning. Just add milk or sugar. Or sprinkle it over any other favorite breakfast cereal or stewed fruit. Do this daily. Drink plenty of fluids. By the end of a week your system will be restored to normal regularity. You'll feel fit and full of life . . freed from the dangerous slavery of harsh purges.

ONE WEEK LATER!

NOW I KNOW THAT **KELLOGG'S ALL BRAN** IS THE SAFE, NATURAL GENTLE WAY TO RELIEVE CONSTIPATION

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Mandrake the Magician

THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, with
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, is at Cockaigne searching for
PRINCESS NARDA: Who has disappeared to avoid marriage with
AVERY, DUKE OF HECTARES: Friend of Narda's brother,
PRINCE SEGRID: Who hates Mandrake and is plotting to kill him.

Avery and Segrid pretend to be friendly, but Mandrake suspects them and sees Narda's father,
KING KARL: Who has renounced his throne. Meantime Narda is working in a store, and sees the newspaper notice of Mandrake's arrival. She is being annoyed by the manager,
MR. STRUDEL: And telephones Mandrake at his hotel.
NOW READ ON.

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We Never Know

Continued from Page 5

"A POET, Mr. Payne? No, I am not at all offended. I doubt whether any woman is offended when a man pays her a sincere tribute."

Steve sighed in relief.

"I get a bit lonely on these boats with only foreigners to speak to—though they're decent fellows," he confided. "You've no idea what it means to me, meeting anyone like yourself. Sometimes, I barely talk to anybody—except on business—for weeks on end."

The girl looked at him kindly.

"I suppose it is a little lonely," she said. "I have been lonely, too, at times."

There was a note of reminiscence, rather of sadness, in her voice for a moment and then she laughed lightly.

"I have received your confidence," she said. "Now I should give you mine. Aren't you curious, Mr. Payne, to know why to-night is so important to me?"

Steve nodded slowly. With his eyes on her bright face, somehow he could not speak. A curious feeling came over him of melancholy—almost of disaster impending. He could not analyse his feelings or understand them.

"This is my secret," said the girl. "I am to be married to-morrow, Mr. Payne. I shall meet my fiance in Monte Video, and in three days' time we sail for England."

Her eyes were very bright and shining. She looked away from him across the brown waters of the Plate, now touched by the moon to a magic of silver.

Steve's hands clenched. It was absurd, but somehow his heart had seemed to sink at her words. Did he think that a boy from the gutter could make love to such a lady as this—even if the alum boy had become a purser?

He was a little mad to-night! There was something in the air, the moonlight, the music, and her face. These things had entered his blood. Perhaps his nerves were on edge because of what he had planned.

She went on talking happily of her wedding arrangements, her fiance, her future, whilst Steve was silent. After a while he made an excuse and left her. In the office he found his chief, a large, good-natured man of easy-going habits.

"Look after the shop, Payne," he said. "Caramba! But I am tired. I shall sleep just for half-an-hour."

Steve smiled. It was the old formula. The chief would be sleeping an hour after the boat arrived.

The fat man gone, Steve once more counted the money. He had made no mistake. There were ten thousand six hundred Argentine dollars. It was a fortune.

In Chile or Paraguay he could do a great deal with such a sum. He might, for example, buy a garage, or start a restaurant, or even an hotel. He could be his own master now. Never again would he work for anyone else. It was his great chance!

He was locking the money away in the desk when the third purser came in. This was a mere boy—a Spaniard—barely seventeen years of age, quick and clever, but lazy.

He looked at Steve and fidgeted about the office.

"It is hot to-night," he observed. "The stewards have put a table out on the deck. Nearly all the passengers have retired."

Steve grinned. He knew perfectly well what the boy wanted.

"Bueno, Jose," he said. "There is no need for you to stop here. Get out of it, amigo!"

Jose grinned and put on his peaked cap.

"All right. Thanks very much."

HE was out of the room and hurrying away for a game of poker with the stewards. Steve was left alone.

For four hours he was alone in the office. The ship was hushed to silence; the passengers all slept; there was no audible sound but the pounding of the screw and the murmur of the breeze against the windscuttle in the port-hole.

Steve sat staring before him—thinking, planning. Once or twice he unlocked the light desk and looked at the big roll of notes. Occasionally, he paced the room with soft, nervous steps. The moment had come. This was his big chance; and yet—

Towards daylight he went out on deck and walked aft. The sky was brightening in colors that flamed rose and yellow, orange and pale green. The perfume of the flowers was stronger now, and there was a tang of the sea. In the distance the little hill of Monte Video rose against the vanishing mists.

Steve paced to and fro, or leaned over the taffrail. How bright her eyes had been, how soft her face, when she had spoken of her fiance! For a woman like that, what would a man not do? To work and strive, and plan, that one might see those eyes soften at one's approach!

But these were not dreams for an immigrant of the gutter. Thoughts like these could only madden a man.

As the land became clearly visible he went into the office and changed into a dark suit. Once more he unlocked the desk, and this time took out the money and thrust it into his pockets.

In the office he had a locker where he kept some of his things. From this he took out a soft felt hat and began to brush it slowly. His movements were mechanical; his face was very pale; his brown eyes stared unseeingly.

Suddenly an oath left his lips. He tore the money from his various pockets, pushed the notes back into the desk, and clapped the hat on to his head.

Hurriedly, as though someone were following him and he were afraid, he left the cabin and went out on deck. Daylight had broken, and now the boat was coming smoothly alongside. The passengers slept, and would sleep until the breakfast-call and the signal for disembarkation.

Immediately the ladder was down Steve ran ashore. He saw one or two men he knew—Customs officials, port authorities; but he made the briefest salutation, murmured something incoherent, and hurried on his way.

With the perspiration gathering thickly on his forehead, he walked speedily through the sleeping town. He was not conscious of direction, but he smiled grimly when he came to the outskirts of Monte Video and realised that he followed the route which he had always planned to take.

This was the road that led straight into the campo. There was the garage where he had planned to hire the car that would whirl him away with his pockets full of money. Certainly he was, or had been, mad!

Panting a little, he breasted a hill and came to a small cafe set next door to the garage. He greeted the newly-risen patron briefly and ordered coffee.

Sitting outside the house at the little table, he sipped his coffee while the sun rose to a splendid warmth and, below, the town bustled into activity. Day workers came to the garage; there was the sound of hammering metal, the swish of water from a hose. Still Steve sat on, his chin in his hands, his eyes fixed on vacancy.

His face was pale; his eyes brooding and troubled. All his life he had known what he wanted, what he intended to do; but now he was lost, and at sea. What was this weakness that had swept him? Could a girl's face, seen in the moonlight, a girl's clear eyes and soft voice upset the careful plans of years? He must be mad!

He ordered some more coffee, drank it, and paid the bill. He must return to the boat before the passengers began to disembark. Even now his chief might be looking for him, or the captain might be inquiring.

He rose slowly to his feet, and then suddenly started to attention. Up the hill there came a slim, youthful figure clad elegantly in tussore silk. At the garage doors the figure hesitated, feeling a little furtively in its pockets.

Into Steve's gloomy eyes there came a look of surprise, followed by swift comprehension. He strode forward, gripped the newcomer tightly by the arm and swung him round.

"Well, Jose," he said grimly. "You have left the boat early. Ten thousand six hundred dollars is a lot of money, eh? And I left the desk unlocked!"

The third purser wheeled round. His face was ghastly and his eyes stared. "What—what do you mean?" he stammered.

"Come, amigo," said Steve, patiently. "We understand one another. Perhaps it was my fault. I was careless to leave so much money unprotected."

Wildly, Jose's eyes darted about him, but Steve's fingers were firmly holding the thin arm.

"We will return to the boat together, amigo. Give me the money. If there is time to replace it, I shall say nothing."

"Listen," panted the younger boy. "Listen, Payne! Let me go, and it will be halves, eh? You run no risk. I run away, and take all the blame. Five thousand three hundred—just to let me go! Payne, it is a wonderful chance! It will never come again."

HE was feverish with eager excitement. Steve paused, gazed down the hill for a moment and shook his head.

"It can't be done," he said through his teeth. "My friend, it can't be done!"

He held out a firm hand, received and counted the money, and placed it carefully in his pockets.

"Come, Jose," he said.

Together, the two young men walked down the hill and back to the boat. The passengers were taking their breakfast, but the chief purser was busy at one of the holds and had not entered the office since the previous night. Steve replaced the money while a white-faced Spanish boy almost sobbed in relief.

Half-an-hour later Steve faced the chief purser in the office.

"I wish to resign from the company's service," he said formally.

"To resign!"

The chief stared.

"I thought you were happy here. You are quick and intelligent. Think again, amigo. You might go far. I myself will be leaving in a little time. You are young, but possibly the company——"

Steve shook his head, and his voice hardened.

"I must leave. This is not the life for me. I think I shall go into the campo. There is a friend who has a sheep farm at Chibut; he has often asked me to go to him."

"Ah! The simple life, eh? You do not like the big cities, like Buenos Aires, eh? Too many pretty ladies. Too much temptation. Young dog!"

"Yes," said Steve, "there are, perhaps, too many temptations."

The chief nodded.

"All right. I will see to it. I am sorry."

On deck, passengers were hurrying like sheep to the gangways. Luggage was being slung from the holds to the wharf below. Steve, at the rails, saw her just as a porter put her things into a taxi. Inside the taxi there sat a lean, bronzed Englishman.

But she saw Steve and came to the side of the wharf.

"Good-bye, Mr. Payne!" she called. "You got your good fortune?"

He nodded gravely.

"I think so," he said.

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Music, humor, and romance in Sunday radio features

2GB's fireside programmes

"Sunday Afternoon At Home" is an old-fashioned phrase that looks like becoming a reality again. With the cold weather still ahead and the war curtailing outside activities to some extent 2GB has completely reorganised its Sunday afternoon programmes so that many people will prefer a fireside seat listening to their radio to seeking outside entertainment.

The new programmes are planned for general entertainment.

Here are some of them: "Pinto Pete and His Ranch Boys"; "Tipping the Tunes"; "Donald Novis"; "The Court of Human Relations"; "The Concert Master"; "Who's Who at the Zoo," and June Marsden's "Astrology For Business Folk."

In addition, there is the B.B.C. News at 12.30, and again at 4.15—two welcome features on a Sunday afternoon.

TO add further interest to the entertainment, prizes totalling more than £7 are being awarded listeners each week in two interesting competitions, thus combining profit for some with entertainment for many.

"Variety," it is said, "is the spice of entertainment," so at 1 p.m. 2GB presents "Variety Hour," which is divided into four units.

Unit 1 is "Pinto Pete and His Ranch Boys."

To many listeners, Pinto Pete will be recalled as the pioneer of Hill-Billy singing in Australia. In addition to his songs of the ranges and prairies, Pinto Pete is a philosopher of the great outdoors.

Unit 2 is "Pianistics," in which popular piano numbers are heard.

Unit 3 is "Harmony Spotlight," featuring famous choral groups from 2GB's wide-range library.

Final unit of this portion of the programme is "Tipping the Tunes," which carries a prize of £5 each week.

To join in the fun, listeners must provide themselves with a list from 2GB of well-known tunes, from which selections will be played. They must mark the list in the order of their playing. The listener who succeeds in marking his list most correctly will receive the prize of £5.

After a short interlude of comedy, 2GB will introduce the second big feature.

Popular tenor

THIS is "The Romance of Music," featuring the famous lyric tenor, Donald Novis, Jan Rubini and his Strings, and Barton Browne as narrator. Not the least part of the interest of this session is the description of the musical numbers which is given by Barton Browne.

"The Court of Human Relations," which follows at 2.30 p.m., is a half-hour dramatic presentation of real life problems. They are presented by a cast which includes some of the best-known featured players of Hollywood, and at least one young actress who has since reached stardom. She is Rita Johnson.

Each presentation ends on a query. What action should have been taken under the given circumstances? Listeners are asked to supply the verdict, and for the most carefully thought out verdict, a prize of two guineas is offered each week.

"The Old Concert Master," which was recently transferred from the night programme to 3 p.m. on Sunday afternoon, is one of the remarkable phenomena of radio—a feature whose popularity has remained unaltered over a period of years. Three things contribute to that popularity—the care with which the world's greatest music is selected; the anecdotes of famous composers and musicians which the Concert Master relates; and, above all, the personality of "The Concert Master" himself.

He is a whimsical, lovable old Irishman who re-lives the great moments in musical history in which he has shared as he turns the pages of his music and his scrap books.

And so the programme continues on to "Who's Who at the Zoo," at 3.30. These are dramatic stories of animal life in far lands.

Finally at 4.30, immediately following the B.B.C. News, is The Australian Women's Weekly Feature Session, in which June Marsden discusses astrology.

DONALD NOVIS, famous lyric tenor, featured in the 2GB Session, "Romance of Music." This session is brightly presented with Jan Rubini as the violinist and Barton Browne as narrator.

LEFT: Ann Stone, a principal player in 2GB's "Court of Human Relations."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, July 24. — The Australian Women's Weekly Concert Party.

THURSDAY, July 25. — June Marsden, Astrology. Special Playlets for Boys and Girls.

FRIDAY, July 26. — The Australian Women's Weekly Composers' Alphabet.

SATURDAY, July 27. — Rhapsodies in Rhythm.

SUNDAY, July 28. — Gardening by the Stars and Astrology for the Business Folk. World Events and Personalities.

MONDAY, July 29. — The Australian Women's Weekly Composers' Alphabet.

TUESDAY, July 30. — June Marsden — Astrology for Women.

You *can* feel YOUNGER

Youthful feeling does not depend upon the number of years, but upon the state of your body, brain, heart and nerves. You can now quickly feel younger and banish the effects of premature Old Age with WINCARNIS — the famous "No Waiting Tonic". Its wonderful health-bringing benefits have earned over 25,000 recommendations from medical men. It is called the "No Waiting Tonic" because the first glass does you good—lifts you mentally and physically. You regain youthful sparkle, alertness and brightness, vitality and vigour come back — you feel and act younger. WINCARNIS is the rich blend of choice wine and two kinds of Vitamins essential to health. It never becomes a habit, and a long course is not necessary! Get a bottle from your Chemist to-day, and know how it feels to be well again.

HOLIDAYS!
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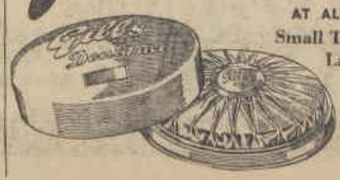

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☆ ☆ THE DAILY DIARY ☆ ☆

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Get ready to step lively, for many Arians can turn the present planetary radiations to good account as helpers in achieving their desires. Work wisely and hard on July 27 and August 3.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Don't take risks at this time. Your stars are not at all helpful. Be especially cautious on July 27, 28, 29, and August 3. Be patient, good-humored, and wise then.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Quite fair for small matters on July 30 and 31.

CANCER (June 23 to July 23): Unspectacular. Consolidate past gains.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Be cautious on July 27 (after noon), 28, and 29, but you can afford to try for desired goals on July 27 (a.m.) and August 3. The stars favor most Leonians at this time, so aim high and work hard.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Just routine days this week for most Virgoans.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Opportunities may present themselves this week, so be prepared to force desirable conditions on July 30.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Don't go round looking for a private war at this time, for you'll get all the battle you want, and more. Try to avoid arguments, delays, upsets, and difficulties; also losses, partings, and opposition, on July 27, 28, and 29. Routine work best.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Unpack that natural optimism and intellectuality of yours, and plan to go after the things you want at this time. If opportunities seem laggard, make a few for yourselves. Be especially diligent and lively on July 27 (morning only), and August 3.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Your recent hard times should now ease. Optimism and hard work will help. Unspectacular days, but July 27 (p.m. hours), 28, and 29 best.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Your stars are contrary and demand good cheer and hard work from you if you would dodge partings, losses, and upsets. Be particularly cautious and patient on July 27, 28 and 29, and August 3.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Best for routine this week. August 1 and 3 fair, but weak. Avoid over-confidence.

WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Australian Astrological Research Society

Leo the Lion now strides the astrological firmament, influencing all people born between July 23 and August 24.

LEONIANS are individualists. They are immensely proud and honorable, seldom stooping to mean tricks calculated to react against their self-respect.

They are hospitable to a degree, loving the element of graciousness which can be exercised by the perfect host or hostess.

They have a magnanimous attitude towards those who are poor or below them in station, and a great desire to know those who are rich and above them.

This suggests that they are snobs. And many of them are, particularly when their ambitions in this regard fail to materialise.

But with the majority it is only satisfaction at being the associates of the "high and mighty."

However, there is one class of Leonian who seems to defy all these rules of astrological interpretation. He is the gentle, hesitant, rather shy and sensitive Leonian who is kindly and possesses a sunny disposition and whose hearty handshake is a genuine appeal for friendship.

This type is rare and will often show, when his chance to rise and shine does come, that in his innermost self he is made of the same stuff as other Leonians after all.

The majority of these shy and kindly Leonians develop at some time of life a hesitancy of speech which seems to increase their modesty and charm. Sometimes this occurs in childhood, and may of itself be responsible for the shyness which develops.

Sometimes the disability is cured before adult age is reached. If not, it becomes rather a curse, for the Leonian pride makes it seem all the more outrageous.

Even when the hesitancy is overcome early, it can be brought to life again by reference being made to it. Parents of Leonian children, therefore, should see to it that they do all in their power to prevent the stuttering or hesitancy in speech being encouraged. Everything possible should be done to help them overcome the trouble and regain their self-esteem with the greatest possible speed.

The wise partner of a Leo-born man will realise to the full her man's desire to "show off" a little—in the nicest way possible, of course—when it comes to offering hospitality to his friends or work associates. He needs 100 per cent. backing of an understanding wife, and will repay such loyalty with added love.

The partner of the Leo-born woman will, if wise, fall in with her little demands for company and nice things, for herself as well as for the home, and try to understand that only through such channels of self-expression can she show herself and her abilities at their best.

Then harmony should prevail. A happy Leonian is so proud of his blessings that his disposition improves and his affections increase.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

SIMPLY TAILORED in two shades of green, this attractive wool suit will make you look young. The slim skirt is of dark hunter-green and the sleekly fitting little jacket and felt hat in a lighter toning. Dark green scarf and gloves.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT FOR ALL AUSTRALIAN WOMEN!

SPECIAL FREE GIFT NEWS

Since the commencement of the war we have passed on to the public the FULL benefits of large pre-war purchases of our gifts without increasing their point value. It is with pleasure that we announce that for some months yet we are able to continue offering most of our free gifts without increasing their point value. THE ONLY EXCEPTIONS apply to scout knives, scissors, gollywogs, ladies' wristlet watches, plates, water pistols, picnic sets, marbles and all aluminium ware, the point values of which, owing to mounting costs, will be increased as from August 1st, 1940.

WHAT TO DO! All gifts are available at the following addresses:—
SYDNEY 13 Hunter Street
MELBOURNE York House, Little Collins Street, Opp. Australia Arcade.
PERTH Sanitarium Health Food Gift Shop, Central Arcade, Hay St.
HOBART 41 Elizabeth Street.
LAUNCESTON 32 Charles Street.
NEWCASTLE Cnr. Tudor Street and Parkway Avenue, Hamilton.

If you cannot call, send your coupons in separate package (with name and address of sender shown clearly) and remit the necessary amounts for postage and packing to the address of the depot nearest to you. Write for a catalogue of free gifts. This Scheme Does Not Operate in South Australia.

IMPORTANT—WARTIME CONDITIONS MAKE THESE OFFERS SUBJECT TO ALTERATION WITHOUT NOTICE

Gift coupons from all of these Sanitarium Health Foods com-bine for all free gifts

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★ Common cold and 'flu are a direct result of your digestion, upset by modern diet, failing to extract blood-fortifying minerals from food. The modern way to build up resistance is to take COLOSEPTIC. Gently cleansing the colon of poisonous waste, COLOSEPTIC then builds up your reserve strength by feeding essential minerals to the bloodstream. COLOSEPTIC—2/9 and 5/6, all chemists. Free sample sent on receipt of 3d. stamp to Box 3415R, G.P.O., Sydney.***

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The Homemaker

July 27, 1940 The Australian Women's Weekly 39

FOR THOSE WEEKS when you and baby will be the centre of attention, plan some flattering negligees for yourself. The lacy confection shown above is the sort to make you look entrancing.

A SETTING that will make your baby look more adorable than ever as the months go by is a satin-lined beribboned bassinet of wicker like the one you can glimpse here.

BEAUTY FOR MOTHER

OF course your new baby is just adorable . . . But what about your own good looks? Be wise and remember that your skin, hair, and figure need more attention than ever just now.

BY JANETTE

THERE is one aspect of motherhood every woman should love.

It is being the centre of all that devoted, excited attention! Husband, doctor, nurse, mother, father, sisters, brothers, in-laws, neighbors, friends, all hovering affectionately around you, being pleased, solicitous, proud, interested, all over you and the baby.

How about your looks, before that admiring audience? Do your face and hair rise to this opportunity?

In those last few days before the baby comes, when you can't do anything but wait around, pampering your skin and hair with some concentrated attention will be very good for you.

Lay in a stock of fragrant cleansing creams, freshening lotions, rich "night creams," hair tonic or scalp ointment, manicure things, and quietly occupy yourself with your appearance.

Calcium deficiency, which is common during the expectancy period, is often a cause of dry, scaly skin, dry, splitting hair, broken nails. That kind of dry skin practically laps up softening fatty creams, blooms gratefully from their lavish and regular use.

Take all these beauty aids to the hospital with you, or have them by your bedside at home. Use them to beguile the time before your baby comes.

Use them afterwards, as soon as you feel able, to stroke and pat your skin with cream and tonic, to pinch and wriggle your scalp with ointment, to oil and polish your nails.

Have make-up under your pillow, and rouge your cheeks, powder your shiny nose, color your pale lips, to greet your husband and your mother.

All the days you must stay in bed, when you feel strong everywhere but in the knees, spend the hours taking care of your skin, brushing your hair, greasing your nails back to smoothness.

Here is the chance of a lifetime to indulge yourself. Stroke creams into those frowning lines, those wrinkles around your eyes, those furrows from nose to mouth corners. Knead your neck with creams.

What luxury to have time to do these things! And what fun to have all your visitors tell you how much more attractive you look than you ever did before in your whole life.

Figure care

THE first couple of weeks on your feet are the hard part. After the isolation and peace of being in bed, people and things and chores seem to come at you, as soon as you're up and around, in the most terrifying way!

All the ordinary housework you've done quite capably in the past seems suddenly insurmountable. And with the care of a new baby as well.

As soon as you and baby have settled down to a harmonious routine you will be ready to think about your figure. Where, oh where, is your nice girlish waistline? You can get it back with some simple exercises. Here are a few of them.

Talk them over with your doctor before you begin, to be sure you are able to undertake them safely.

Stand erect, with feet together, chest out (not up, but forward), head high. Clasp your hands together at the back of your neck, keeping shoulders and elbows back. Rotate your torso gently on the axis of your waist, bending forward, to the left, backward, to the right; and repeat, stretching and limbering those abdominal tissues to harden them back to slimness again.

As the weeks go by you can add another waistline exercise that is more vigorous and effective. Stand erect and stretch your arms out horizontally at shoulder level. Keep head and back erect this time, and rotate your torso on your waistline axis by swinging violently far left, then far right, your arms whizzing through the air.

A gentle exercise to begin with can be done as you lie flat on your back on the floor. Bend your knees, pull your heels up close to your buttocks, soles flat on the floor. Rest your hands lightly on your abdomen.

Draw your abdominal muscles in and up; feel them tense and hard. Then relax, feeling them soften and bulge. Repeat, watching your hands go alternately up and down, as your abdominal muscles tense and relax.

The famous old favorite, touching the floor with your fingertips while you keep your knees straight, is fine to get your waistline firm again.

When you are able to start them, tennis and swimming will both help get your waistline down.

Ask your doctor, to be sure not to exercise too violently too soon. Many obstetricians have developed exercise charts for the guidance of new mothers; ask your doctor or your hospital for one of these.

And walk with head up, stomach held consciously in and up.

If the party is frightfully arty,
Or huntin' and fishin' and hearty,
You'll still be the hit,
All rivals outwit—
If Kayser-clad legs you show . . . partly.

Like influential friends—Kayser stockings help you "pull strings". For who can resist the charm of slender, silken legs? . . . And where is the girl who hasn't learnt the KAYSER art of combining Quality and Economy? The new Compass Colours are **thrilling!**

11X Pure Silk Mir-O-Kleer dull Sheer with deep lace welt. **6/11**

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BECAUSE KAYSER SPELLS ECONOMY

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A LEVER PRODUCT

4.362.JW\w

And before going to bed . . a bath with the

NEW *Super-milled* LIFEBUOY

Menfolk often prefer Regular Lifebuoy, which is still available. So don't forget to order a supply for them.

DOLLY has been tucked safely in her cot. And toys set aside till to-morrow. Now it's time to say good-night. But first—a bath with Super-milled Lifebuoy . . . For Mother well knows that the place to safeguard health is in the bath. That pretty, coral-pink tablet—though mild and gentle enough for sensitive young skins—contains the famous Lifebuoy element that protects little ones from the dangers in dirt. Its creamy bubbling lather cleanses all over and sends them off to bed soothed and comforted.

And for you — discreet protection!

A soap so pleasant and bland is clearly the most luxurious care for you. And that famous health element discreetly protects personal daintiness, keeps you beyond reproach—utterly safe from "B.O."

Keeps young skins lovably fresh

A LEVER PRODUCT

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Planting time for the

QUEENLY ROSE

● The rose has rightly been crowned Queen of Flowers, for no other plant gives so much fragrance, color, and bloom during spring, summer, and autumn. No other flower is so versatile in adorning every type of garden, from the tiny cottage plot to magnificent mansion grounds.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER.

THIS season having been very mild the rose has extended its flowering period well into winter, and in the eastern States many rose gardens were still resplendent with bloom at the end of June.

At this time of the year gardeners should be planting out new rose bushes of all kinds, for they strike readily during the dormant season if afforded reasonable care and attention.

When we come to the planting of roses we are often assailed by contradictory statements.

One expert says that no manure must be used, while another advises the use of plenty of it. Other different methods are insisted upon, so we may take consolation from the fact that they cannot all be right; if they are, then the folly of laying down hard and fast rules is evident.

My own experience, which is based on 25 years of rose growing in all sorts of soils, ranging from pure sand to deep clayey loam, shows that, provided the soil is well prepared and fertile, and the drainage is right, it will grow roses of some sort.

The better the soil the better the roses, and the better the feed the better the bloom, are two slogans adopted long ago by rose-growers, and both are true.

In my own garden, the soil of which is heavy clay texture that bakes like concrete in summer and is a bog in winter, roses need special care.

Drainage is not good, naturally, and I have had to arrange rubble drains and deep trenches at times to carry off the surplus water.

At times the beds have been raised to assist drainage which could not be obtained naturally, and this is an excellent plan for novices to follow when they are not sure of the depth on the water-table under the soil, or where drainage is obviously bad.

In sandy or light soils, drainage troubles are rarely serious, but the more difficult problem of retaining humus is often experienced.

Beginners should always ascertain how fertile their soil is by experiment. Old-time gardeners used to say that soil that would grow good tomatoes would produce good roses, and I have usually found this true. The secret, of course, lies in the quantity of humus (plant food) in the soil—plus efficient drainage.

Depth of soil

DEEP digging is imperative where roses are to stand. The soil must be dug out to a fair depth (2ft. 6ins. if you can manage it), and the subsoil should be well broken up.

Then get some good strawy manure or old cow manure and mix this in with the subsoil. The top soil should then be mixed with plenty of bonedust, a fertiliser I prefer above all others for roses.

A shallow layer of this soil should be placed at the bottom of the hole to prevent the roots touching the fresh manure, and then a dome of soil should be built up in the centre.

Over this dome the roots of the roses should be spread outwards and downwards, and then the soil should be slowly and carefully filled in, firmed and watered.

A saucer-shaped depression should be allowed all round the stem and radiating at least one foot from it. This will hold the rain when it falls, and help to keep the plant plump until the warmer weather sets in.

On the point of distance apart when planting roses, much controversy has raged, but it is safe to assume that with tall, upright growing varieties 3ft. is ample, but with spreading varieties 4ft. should be allowed. Much depends, of course, upon the pruning ability of the grower, for roses can often be grown very close together if the grower knows how to prune so that the blossom is carried in a compact manner.

It depends very much upon the vigor of the varieties, and one has to know one's roses in order to determine the distance accurately.

The roots should always be carefully examined when new roses arrive from the nursery, and any that are broken should be pruned off above the break. All bruised ends should also be pruned off.

And as to the depth to plant roses: Well, if one takes care to have the junction of stock and scion (the knotty part) an inch below the surface all will be well.

And this is the time, in many parts of the Commonwealth, to prune and spray roses.

If the bushes are developing little red tips to their foliage plants or buds, what is known in rose parlance as "shooting the red," pruning should be carried out without delay.

How to cut

ALWAYS cut to an eye or bud that points outwards, unless an inward bud will improve the appearance of the bush. Make all your cuts run diagonally and in the same direction as the bud and not the opposite way.

Remove all dead, dying, or weakening growth, and remember that spindly wood under 1in. in diameter on old bushes will rarely develop into anything useful.

If you are growing for quantity rather than quality, your pruning can be light, but if you want fewer and better blooms cut back severely.

Rose bushes that suffered from black spot, rust, or mildew should be sprayed with either Bordeaux or lime sulphur mixture, and where white scale is present use white miscible oil spray while the bushes are dormant.

All rose bushes should be mulched with manure during the winter, and this can be turned in as spring approaches and danger of frost is over. This winter mulch will add much to the vigor of the bushes and the quality of the flowers later on.

Bushes that are allergic to mildew should receive about 2oz. each of sulphate of potash during winter. This can be watered in. As spring approaches a further dose of the same material can be given.

SOME EXQUISITE ROSES. Among them are Maman Cochet, Pink Radiance, Lady Hillingdon, Lubra, and Madame Butterfly. These varieties, as well as other favorites, can be planted now.

POND'S INDELIBLE LIPSTICK

REALLY *Stays on!*

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MANTEL DECOR

. . . in the living-room

- Don't put any sort of ornament on your mantelshelf, a clock and some photographs, just for the purpose of filling up a bare space.
- Use the mantel to echo the furnishing scheme of your room, to attract the eye with a well-balanced arrangement, and to give added color to your interior decoration.
- Three of the very newest ideas for mantel adornment are shown on this page.

By
OUR HOME DECORATOR

ABOVE: A row of pot-plants holding trailing greenery in a recess on the mantel, a large mural above and wall lights on either side make an attractive setting.

RIGHT: An old fireplace modernised. Woodwork is now cream to match walls, and a vase of artificial glass-like flowers and leaves is reflected in a big square mirror on the wall.

IN MODERN STYLE. A narrow mantel-ledge above a surround of fluted wood and mirror glass holds a single ornament and a bowl of flowers. Notice the semi-circular chandelier above.

IT nearly always happens that the mantel is the last part of a room to receive consideration as far as adornment is concerned.

Yet the mantel is very important from a decorative point of view because it is usually the first thing to take the eye as you walk into a room.

Its adornment must of course harmonise with the furnishings and color scheme, and if it echoes the theme of your room, better still.

The days of the heavily-laden mantelshelf are past. The big ornamental clock in the centre, the china pieces on either side, the sundry photographs and other bits and pieces are seldom seen now.

Have a clock if you like, but it isn't necessary. Indeed, if your room is furnished in modern style it would be better not to use the clock on the mantel at all.

If your room is definitely Victorian and you want to emphasise the period appearance, then go completely Victorian and have a clock flanked by china dogs.

But the usual room of to-day looks best with little ornamentation on the mantel. Flowers, a candlestick, a single china ornament—just a few good pieces—give most pleasing effects.

Those who feel they must have a definitely balanced arrangement may use a pair of candlesticks and a small clock, low vase of flowers, or small porcelain figurine in the centre.

If the mantel is very long, some additional objects—small vases or figurines for a formal drawing-room or a pair of pewter plates in a simple interior—may be used.

In the very informal type of living-room a really attractive portrait, or two or three well-bound volumes between book-ends, can often be added to a long mantelshelf with pleasing results. These more personal objects also help to give a friendly feeling to a room.

Mirrors are most useful over the mantel. Besides lighting up dark walls they create a feeling of space and, if the frame is ornate, act as a scintillating wall decoration.

Choice of a frame for a mirror, however, does depend on the style in which your room is furnished.

The frameless mirror or one with a plain narrow frame of bleached wood is best in the modern type of room.

If you have gone in for period decoration, then the frame may be as ornate as you like as long as it harmonises with the furniture. Carved frames, for instance, are in keeping with Victorian furnishings.

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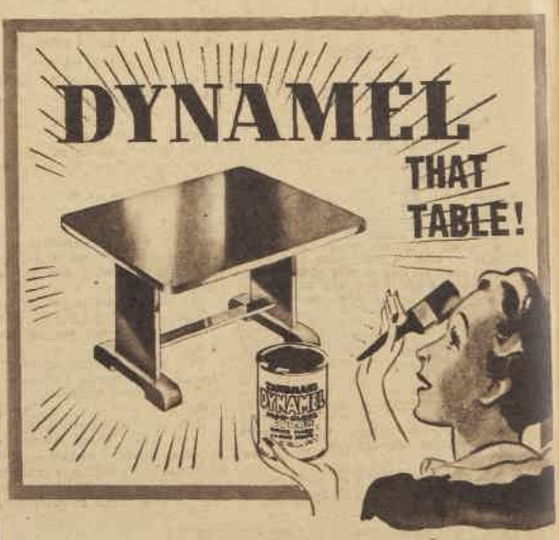

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Dynamel dries twice as fast—twice as hard. Lasts twice as long. It levels itself out so you always get a mirror-smooth gloss. Dynamel is so hard it can be scrubbed again and again.

See for yourself. Dynamel your kitchen chair. It's easy. It's fascinating. 30 lovelier colors on Taubmans Dynamel Color Chart at all paint shops. Anybody can do a good job with Dynamel.

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Please send me free your enlarged book "The Colorful Home," together with your new book All About Kitchens. I enclose 4d. in stamps to cover postage and handling.
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Address

Attractive crochet design for a

Flowered Bed-Jacket

● To make this crocheted bed-jacket you need five ounces 2-ply super-fingering wool and a steel crochet hook, size 2.

MEASUREMENTS: Width round underarm, 34in.; length from top of shoulder, 16in.; length of sleeve seam, 7in.

Tension: Five rows to the inch in height, 4 spaces to the inch in width.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; sl.-st., slip-stitch; sp., space.

BACK

Commence by making 168 ch.

1st Row: Miss 5 ch., 1 tr. into next st.,* 2 ch., miss 2 st., 1 tr. into next st. Repeat from * to end of row, 5 ch. Always turn with 5 ch. unless otherwise stated.

2nd Row: One tr. into 2nd tr., * 2 ch., 1 tr. into next tr. Repeat from * to end of row, making last tr. on 3rd ch. of turning ch.

Repeat 2nd row 3 times.

6th Row: Increase 1 sp. by putting 1st tr. into 1st sp., * 2 ch, 1 tr. on tr. Repeat from * twice. Make a flower round this last sp. as follows: 1 d.c., 4 tr., 1 d.c. round last tr. made, 1 d.c., 4 tr., 1 d.c. round 2 ch. of previous row, 1 d.c., 4 tr., 1 d.c. round tr. on opposite side of sp., 1 d.c., 4 tr., 1 d.c. round 2 ch. at top of sp. Continue working along row, making a flower on each 10th sp., and increasing 1 sp. at end of row. There will be 6 flowers and 3 sp. after the last flower.

Work 5 rows of spaces without increasing.

12th Row: Increase 1 sp., 8 more sp., work a flower on this sp., and on every following 10th sp., increasing on last sp. (5 flowers).

Continue in this manner, working the flowers on every 6th row (which are spaced alternately), also increasing at each end of same row, until 36 rows have been worked from commencement.

Five rows of sp. without increasing.

42nd Row: Sl.-st. along 3 sp., work in pattern to last 3 sp., turn.

43rd Row: Sl.-st. along 1 sp., work to last sp., turn.

Repeat this row 3 times. (53 sp.).

Work without shaping until 77 rows have been worked.

78th Row: Sl.-st. along 9 sp., work in pattern to last 9 sp., turn.

79th Row: Sl.-st. along 1 sp., work to last sp., turn.

80th Row: Sl.-st. along 5 sp., work to last 5 sp. Fasten off.

RIGHT FRONT

Commence by making 45 chain.

1st Row: 1 tr. into 6th ch. from hook, * 2 ch., 1 tr. in 3rd ch. Repeat from * 12 times, 2 ch., 1 tr. in same st. as last tr., 10 ch., turn (15 sp.).

2nd Row: 1 tr. into 8th ch., * 2 ch., 1 tr. on tr. Repeat from * 14 times, 2 ch., 1 tr. on 3rd st. of turning ch., 5 ch., turn (17 sp.).

3rd Row: Miss 1st tr., 1 tr. on next, work in sp. to end, 2 sp. in last sp., 10 ch., turn.

4th Row: Like 2nd row (20 sp.).

5th Row: Like 3rd row (21 sp.).

6th Row: 1 tr. into 8th ch., * 2 ch., 1 tr. on tr. Repeat from * 9 times, work a flower round this space, also on 21st sp., increase 1 sp. on last sp.

7th Row: Work in spaces without increasing (24 sp.).

8th Row: 1 tr. into 1st tr. (thus making an extra sp.), work in sp. to end of row, 5 ch., turn.

9th Row: Work in sp. without increasing (25 sp.).

10th Row: 1 tr. into 1st tr., work in sp. to end (26 sp.).

11th Row: No increasing.

12th Row: 1 tr. on 1st tr., continue in pattern, making a flower on the 9th and 19th sp., increase 1 sp. at end of row; 5 ch., turn.

13th Row: No increasing.

14th Row: 1 tr. on 1st tr., continue in sp. to end of row (29 sp.), 5 ch., turn.

15th Row: No increasing.

16th Row: 1 tr. on 1st tr., continue in sp. to end of row (30 sp.).

17th Row: No increasing.

18th Row: Increase 1 sp., work in pattern, making a flower on 7th, 17th, and 27th sp., 3 sp., increase 1 sp. at end.

Work 5 rows without increasing (32 sp.), then increase at armhole edge in next and each following 6th row, twice.

37th Row: Work to last sp. (missing this sp.), turn.

Four rows without shaping.

42nd Row: Work to last 3 sp., turn.

43rd Row: Sl.-st. along 1st sp., work to end of row.

44th Row: Work to last sp., turn.

45th Row: Sl.-st. along 1st sp., work to last sp., turn.

46th Row: Work to last sp., turn (26 sp.), 4 rows without shaping.

Miss 1 sp. at front edge on next row and the following 6th row, and on each following 4th row 5 times.

78th Row: Work in pattern to end of row.

79th Row: Work in sp. to last sp., turn, missing 1 sp. behind petal (18 sp.).

80th Row: 9 sp., turn, sl.-st. along 6 sp., work 3 sp. Fasten off.

LEFT FRONT

Work left front in a similar manner, reversing the shaping.

SLEEVE

Make 111 ch.

1st Row: 1 tr. in 6th ch., * 2 ch., 1 tr. in 3rd ch. Repeat from * 34 times, 5 ch., turn.

2nd Row: Work 36 sp.

3rd Row: Increase in every 5th sp. (43 sp.).

4th Row: No increasing.

5th Row: Increase in 1st sp., then in every following 4th sp., also in last sp. (55 sp.)

6th Row: Work in pattern, making a flower round the 3rd sp. and every following 10th sp., ending row with 2 sp.

Five rows without shaping. Increase at beginning and end of next row and each following 6th row 3 times.

Five rows without shaping.

36th Row: Sl.-st. along 1st sp., work in pattern to last sp., turn.

Continue shaping sleeve in this manner (decreasing 1 sp. at each end of row) until 55 rows have been worked. Fasten off.

Make another sleeve in same manner.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts over a thick towel with a hot iron and damp rag on the wrong side. Sew up shoulder-seams and side-seams, holding the work flat. Make a border all round edge as follows:—

1st Row: Work in spaces, placing the tr. stitch in the sp.

2nd Row: Work in pattern, making a flower round each 4th sp.

Join up sleeve-seams, work the 2 rows of border along lower edge. Sew sleeves into armholes, holding the work flat. Press seams.

THIS BED-JACKET would brighten the convalescence of a friend in hospital. See instructions.

Hairdresser Gives Advice on Grey Hair

Tells How to Make a Home-Made Grey Hair Remedy.

Miss Diana Manners, who has been a hairdresser in Sydney for the past ten years, gives this advice: "There is nothing to equal the remedy for grey hair, made up from an ounce of Bay Rum, ½ ounce of Glycerine and a small box of Orlex Compound, mixed with a half-pint of water. Any chemist can supply these ingredients at a small cost and the mixing is so easy you can do it yourself and save the extra expense.

"By combing this liquid through grey hair you can turn it any shade you like, black, brown or light brown, besides making it glossy and fluffy, and free from itchy dandruff. It is perfectly harmless, free from stickiness, grease or gum and does not rub off. It should make any grey haired person vastly more youthful in appearance."***

Stop Kidney Poisoning To-day

If you suffer from Rheumatism, Get up Nights, Leg Pains, Backache, Lumbago, Nervousness, Headaches and Colds, Dizziness, Circles under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Loss of Appetite or Energy, you should know that your system is being poisoned because germs are impairing the vital process of your kidneys. Ordinary medicine can't help much, because you must kill the germs which cause these troubles, and blood can't be pure till kidneys function normally. Stop troubles by removing cause with Cystex—the new scientific discovery which starts benefit in 2 hours. Cystex must prove entirely satisfactory and is exactly the medicine you need or money back is guaranteed. Get Cystex from your chemist or store. The guarantee protects you. Now in 2 sizes: 1/9, 4/-, 8/-.

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Cure CRACKED LIPS

COLD winter winds often cause lips to become dry and painfully cracked. At the first signs of cracking, apply Rexona Ointment. Rexona soothes the soreness instantly, and over-night its healing medications effect a complete cure. Rexona Soap contains the same healing medications as the Ointment and its continued use keeps the skin supple and protects it against the unpleasant troubles that winter weather can cause.

BUY REXONA AT YOUR CHEMIST OR STORE NOW!

OINTMENT 1/6 per tin. Also extra large tins, three times the quantity for 3/-. REXONA MEDICATED SOAP 9d. per tablet (City and Suburbs).

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I CAN'T WORK AFTER HEAVY PUDDING."

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CUT OUT AND PASTE IN RECIPE BOOK

Now try Jean's recipe for

CARAMEL PASTRY ROLL

4ozs. (1 cup) Self-raising Flour
2ozs. (2 tablespoons) COPHA (softened)
1½ tablespoons water

Mix all to a firm dough, pin out to oblong shape, spread with raspberry jam or sliced apple, and roll as for roly-poly. Place in greased pie dish. Pour the hot Caramel Sauce on top (see recipe below) and bake in a moderate oven ¾ hour. Serve hot, with cream or custard if desired.

CARAMEL SAUCE

8ozs. (1 cup) Water
4ozs. (½ cup) Brown Sugar
1oz. (1 tablespoon) COPHA

Put all ingredients in saucepan and bring to boil.

COPHA MAKES PUDDINGS LIGHTER —EASY TO DIGEST

C.S.17N

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She chews healthful, delicious WRIGLEY'S daily to soothe her nerves and keep her mind on what she is doing. Washing day, kiddies' tantrums, unexpected guests—nothing unnerves her. Chewing WRIGLEY'S is Nature's way to strong, bright, healthy teeth. It removes the tiny food particles that lodge between the teeth, thus impeding decay. Besides, chewing WRIGLEY'S regularly is a splendid aid to your attractiveness. It tautens and strengthens the muscles of your face, and helps your cheeks and chin to regain their natural contour. Three delicious flavours — P.K. (pure natural peppermint), Spearmint (essence of fresh garden mint) and Juicy Fruit (deliciously different). Buy several packets to-day and always have a supply handy for the kiddies.

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SATURDAYS, 1.30 p.m.

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☆ ☆ WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME . . . BY A DOCTOR

Cause and cure of VARICOSE VEINS

PATIENT: Doctor, I've been so worried about this rash on my ankle. It itches terribly. I'm afraid I must have picked up some germ and contracted a skin disease.

DOCTOR: Sufferers from varicose veins often experience ankle troubles like this and think they have contracted a skin infection. Such a trouble is varicose eczema and is not caused by an obscure germ, but merely from neglect of varicose veins.

It is quite a common condition, but one, fortunately, that yields to treatment. If it is left untreated, however, ulceration of the skin might result in an ugly sore on the leg. Then there would be good cause for complaint.

Lots of people suffer from "very close" veins, as the comedians call them, but the condition has nothing to do with the veins being too close together. Its cause is not quite clear.

Some people seem to be born with veins that are weak walled, are easily dilated, and fail to function properly. Restricting bands, such as tight garters, are sometimes a factor in causing varicose veins.

Prolonged standing and severe exertion are also contributory causes. It is interesting to note, however, that though standing for long hours at a stretch will weaken the veins of the legs, walking keeps them in good tone.

Cooks and laundresses are prone to varicose veins. Postmen, on the other hand, seldom suffer from them.

Blood stationary

IN order to understand what varicose veins are, you must understand how the circulation of the legs works normally.

The arteries carry blood rich in oxygen away from the heart to the various tissues of the body. This blood is returned to the heart by the veins.

In the veins are a number of valves to prevent a backward flow of the blood.

When, for some reason, the veins (which are thin walled) become dilated, these valves lose their directing power, and the blood stream in them becomes stationary and stagnant or may even be reversed.

Fortunately, there is a double set of veins in the leg. When those near the surface, which are easily varicosed and are covered only by fat and skin, fail to function properly, their work is carried on by the deep veins situated within the leg muscles.

If neglected, varicose veins may not only fail to function properly themselves, but may interfere with the function of the deep veins.

They are easily recognised. At first they appear as a slight discoloration. Later they stand out clearly and show as dark, irregular channels beneath the skin.

When a vein becomes varicosed the surrounding leg tissues suffer and gradually even the muscles of the leg begin to lose their tone.

The first symptom usually noticed is an aching, "tired" feeling in the legs. Then the skin may become itchy. This is the first sign of eczema, which arises as a result of the poor nourishment of the tissues. This eczema, if untreated, may, as I have pointed out, give rise to an ulcer.

Satisfactory treatment of varicose veins is aimed at doing away with them, as, once stretched, the veins are useless. In early stages they may be supported by properly applied bandages. These can do a great deal to relieve the pain and that feeling of weariness which accompanies varicose veins.

A cure is effected only when the varicose veins are obliterated or removed, because, until this occurs, the blood is merely stagnating in them instead of being returned to the heart.

Not long ago the only method of removal was by surgery. Now, however, it is possible to have injection treatment.

This involves local injection of a fluid which has the power to inflame the walls of the vein slightly, and form a sterile clot. This clot does not move about, but becomes firmly fixed and adherent to the tissues of the vein wall.

Gradually the vein, as a channel, is destroyed and it contracts to a thin cord. This treatment has proved very successful.

Its greatest advantage lies in the fact that such treatment does not require that the patient should be in bed. Treatment does not interfere with your ordinary activities.

The appearance of new varicose veins may make it necessary to return for treatment at intervals.

Only when all the affected veins are withered away can a cure be established.

WALK TO WORK instead of taking a tram. While standing for long hours weakens the veins of the legs, walking keeps them in good tone.

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Natural sugars best

THE question of the use of sugar in the baby's and the small child's diet is a much-debated point.

As sugar supplies energy, its use in the diet is necessary.

Yet there is no doubt that the wrong use of sugar, especially in the form of sweets, cakes, etc., is widely responsible for a great deal of dental disease.

Sometimes in trying to avoid the abuse of sugar in the diet a mother errs in not giving enough in the daily menu.

A leaflet dealing with this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau. Any reader interested in this subject can obtain a copy by sending a stamped addressed envelope to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

Table for Two

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Needlework Notions

MAKE and embroider this georgette blouse, available from our Needlework Department ready to cut out and embroider.

Freshen your suit with

A GEORGETTE BLOUSE

● Now is the time to set to work on making some fresh, crisp blouses to wear with suits in the "in-between" season ahead.

THIS blouse, F.1967, is obtainable from our Needlework Department, ready traced with pattern, in sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38 bust.

The blouse is first cut out and machined, then embroidered.

It is available in white, cream, pale blue, pale pink, green, and turquoise georgette.

Work the design in satin-stitch, in any colors you fancy.

The price is 6/11, postage included.

Paper pattern costs 1/3.

Separate transfers for embroidery are not available.

NIGHTGOWN FOR BABY

ANY mother would be pleased with this baby's nightgown, F.1972, in cross-over style.

It is so simple to slip on, and thoroughly comfortable. The embroidery is easy, and most effective.

You may obtain it ready traced to cut out and embroider from our Needlework Department.

It is available in cream, pale blue, pink, lemon, green, and mauve winceyette.

Cut out and machine first, then embroider.

Work in pastel shades to harmonise with material chosen.

Sizes available are for 6 months, 12 months, and 18 months. Price is 3/11 plus 2d. postage.

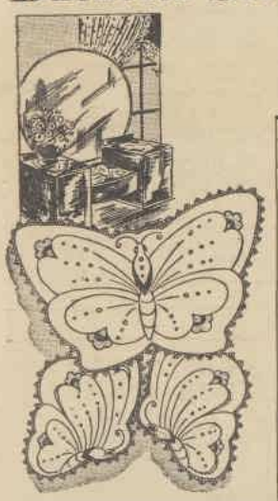
Paper pattern costs 1/-, transfer for embroidery 1/- extra.

EASY TO EMBROIDER, winceyette nightgown for baby, available in three sizes from our Needlework Department.

Send To This Address!

Adelaide: Box 388A, G.P.O Brisbane: Box 409F, G.P.O, Melbourne: Box 185, G.P.O. Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O. Perth: Box 421G, G.P.O. Sydney: Box 4088W, G.P.O. If calling, 176 Castlereagh Street, or Dalton House, 115 Pitt Street. Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney office.

Butterfly Duchesse Set



DUCHESSE SET in butterfly design, available from our Needlework Department.

THE duchesse set is obtainable traced on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink, or green linen.

The centre mat measures 11 by 17 inches, and the smaller mats 8 by 8 inches.

Edges are spoke-stitched ready for crochet finish. Work in stem-stitch, satin-stitch, and eyelets or French knots.

Color scheme suggested: butterfly, yellow, Nos. F444 to 441 (medium to very light), with leaves in F497 (green), and lines in brown, P580.

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Stranded cottons, price 2½d. per skein.

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Don't be embarrassed again by having your false teeth slip or drop when you eat, talk, laugh or sneeze. Just sprinkle a little FASTEETH on your plates. This new, extremely fine powder gives a wonderful sense of comfort and security. No gummy, gooey taste or feeling. Any chemist has FASTEETH (2 sizes). Refuse substitutes.

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PRIZE RECIPES . . . *all worth trying*

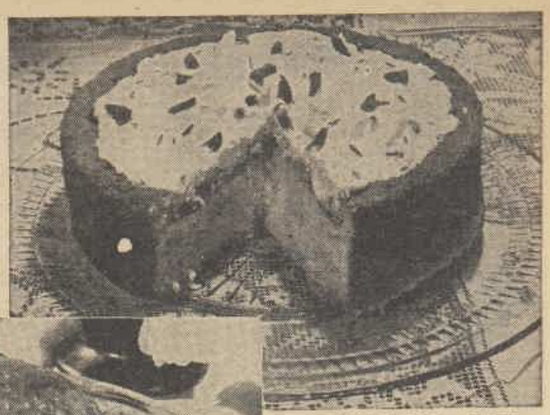
EVERY week £1 is given for the best recipe, and 2/6 for all others published.

Write in ink on one side of the paper only.

Give the ingredients first and then the method. Attach your name and address.

This week's first prize goes to an appetising winter dish—Chinese veal.

● If you haven't already entered our weekly recipe competition, what about trying it now? Send us that recipe which is always so well liked by family and friends. There are good cash prizes to be won.



BUTTERSCOTCH CAKE, a recipe for which wins one of this week's prizes, may be made in a recessed tin. Fill the recessed portion with butterscotch filling, and sprinkle with nuts.

CHINESE VEAL

Six veal chops, pepper, salt, a little flour, 2 tablespoons Worcester sauce, 1 cup dripping, 1 tin pineapple, 2 tablespoons lemon juice.

Trim chops, dip in flour, pepper and salt. Melt dripping and fry chops quickly, browning on both sides. Remove from pan and place in a baking dish and pour over them a sauce made of the pineapple and lemon juice and Worcester sauce. Cover and bake for 1 hour in a slow oven. Drain the pineapple slices, dip in flour and fry till a golden brown in a clean pan. Serve chops surrounded by the pineapple slices, with sauce poured over.

First Prize of £1 to Miss M. Maloney, Canterbury Tce., Black Forest, S.A.

TREACLE SPONGE PUDDING

One cup flour, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon carbonate of soda, 1 large teaspoon ground ginger, 2 tablespoons butter (or good dripping), 2 tablespoons treacle, 1 cup of milk.

Mix all dry ingredients through sifter, rub in butter. Make a hole in centre into which put treacle. Then add milk gradually, and mix well. Steam 2 hours in greased mould. Serve with cream, custard, or sweet sauce. Serves eight persons.

May be made with golden syrup or honey in place of treacle.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. J. Stott, Wesley Vale, via Latrobe, Tas.

STRAWBERRY TEA CAKE

One tablespoon butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, ½ cup milk, 1½ cups flour, 2 level teaspoons baking powder, pinch of salt, 1 cup strawberries, extra sugar.

Cream together butter and sugar, and when very light add well-beaten egg and then milk. Sift flour with baking powder and salt. Add this to the butter and sugar mixture, and beat well.

Crush strawberries, which have been washed and dried well, with flour, and fold them into the batter. Sprinkle with sugar and bake in patty tins. Serve fresh from the oven if possible, although the cakes are very good when eaten cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to W. Inglis, 24 Hamersley Rd., Subiaco, W.A.

CURRIED CHOPS

One pound neck or chump chops, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 tablespoon dripping, salt and pepper, 1 apple, 1 onion, ½ teaspoon brown sugar, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, 2 cups water or stock, ½ cup rice cooked in boiling, salted water, chutney, lemon, parsley.

Fry chops in heated fat for few minutes until brown on both sides. Remove chops from pan. Add peeled, diced onion and apple, and fry for a few minutes. Add flour, curry powder, and sugar, stirring until mixture browns.

Add water and stir until boiling. Add salt and pepper and a few drops of lemon juice. Replace chops. Cover tightly and simmer till tender. Serve chops on hot dish in a border of hot rice, garnished with sliced lemon, parsley sprigs, and chutney.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Martha Longe, 51 Gregory Tce., Brisbane.

MUSHROOM SPECIAL

Mushrooms, salt and pepper, rolled oats (or flour), 2 tomatoes, cooked minced ham or beef, butter, milk.

Put a layer of finely diced and peeled mushrooms into a well-greased piedish. Add salt and pepper and sprinkle with rolled oats or flour. Slip skin off scalded tomato and place in slices on oats. Season, sprinkle with oats, add another layer of mushrooms, seasoning, and oats. Slice in a little more tomato, add some cooked minced ham or beef and a final sprinkling of oats. Dot with butter, just cover with cold water or milk, put buttered paper over top and bake 1 hour in a moderate oven.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Rouen, Greenoaks, Kunama, N.S.W.

TREACLE sponge pudding, another prizewinner, may be served with a sweet sauce poured over. The recipe quantities given are for eight persons.

SAVORY CHOPS

Two pounds neck of mutton chops, 4 large onions, 4 good cooking apples.

Put layer of chops, layer of onions and apples in a saucepan with 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon vinegar, and barely enough water to cover. Season with salt and pepper and simmer slowly for 1 hour. Cover the top with a layer of potatoes and cook for another half hour. Sprinkle with chopped parsley and serve.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. S. W. Belcher, 10 Yallambee Rd., Lane Cove, N.S.W.

BANANA CAKE

Four ounces butter, 1 egg, 3 bananas (mashed), 2 tablespoons milk, a few drops vanilla, 1 small cup brown sugar, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1½ cups flour (level breakfast).

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten egg; add mashed bananas, flour, and baking powder, vanilla and milk, with soda last. Cook in a moderate oven in a round pan about 25 minutes.

Icing: 1 cup brown sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon cream or milk, vanilla flavoring.

Boil, and beat to a cream. Pour over cool cake.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss H. Burnett, Mt. Douglas, Clermont, Qld.

BUTTERSCOTCH CAKE

One cup brown sugar, 4oz. butter, 2 eggs, ½ cup milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 1½ cups self-raising flour, pinch of salt, ½ teaspoon powdered cinnamon, butterscotch filling, ½ cup chopped nuts.

Cream the butter and sugar thoroughly and add the egg-yolks separately, beating between each addition. Stir in the syrup, milk, essence, and sifted flour, salt, and cinnamon, mixing evenly. Whisk the egg-whites to a stiff froth, fold in lightly, and pour the mixture into a buttered, recessed cake-pan. Bake in a moderately hot oven. Turn the cake on to a cooler and leave till cold. Fill the recessed portion with butterscotch filling and sprinkle with chopped nuts, or, if preferred, split the cold cake and spread the layers with some of the filling before icing the surface. Leave till firmly set before cutting.

Filling: ½ cup castor sugar, 1½ cups brown sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 cup milk or water, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence.

Heat the sugars with the water or milk in saucepan slowly till dissolved, then boil without lid and without stirring till the syrup forms a soft ball when tested in cold water. Add the butter, remove from heat and leave till lukewarm, then beat thoroughly till thick and creamy and a smooth spreading consistency. This mixture may be spread as a filling between cake layers or poured as icing to cover the top and sides of the cake.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D. Hartcher, 65 Allandale Rd., Cessnock, N.S.W.

MUNCHIES

One cup each sugar and flour, ½lb. butter, 1 cup coconut, 1 cup rolled oats, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 1 small teaspoon carbonate of soda, 2 tablespoons boiling water.

Mix dry ingredients together. Melt butter, golden syrup and soda in boiling water, then add to dry ingredients and mix well. Drop by teaspoonfuls on a baking tray and bake in a moderate oven.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. M. McGibbon, Kowbi, via Childers, Qld.

Miss Precious Minutes

TO peel onions without tears, put them in a bowl first and pour hot water over; or peel them while holding them under cold water.

* * *

OILCLOTH and linoleum can be very effectively washed by putting a little kerosene and no soap into the washing water. Wring the cloth out well.

* * *

RICE is best cooked very quickly in boiling salted water for about 15 minutes. After straining, pour cold water through it several times until the water is clear and the grains well separated.

* * *

TO prevent a sponge cake from sticking to the tin, place a damp cloth on the bottom of the tin as soon as you take the cake from the oven. It will then turn out cleanly.

* * *

LAYERS of newspapers laid beneath carpets will help to keep the moths away.

* * *

OLD net curtains of the type gathered on rods top and bottom on a window reach a stage when ordinary washing and ironing would be disastrous. Wash them in hot soapsuds, rinsing through several times, and then replace on windows while still wet.

* * *

RUB beeswax and turpentine on shabby leather bags, then polish with a soft rag. This gives a good finish and helps preserve the leather.

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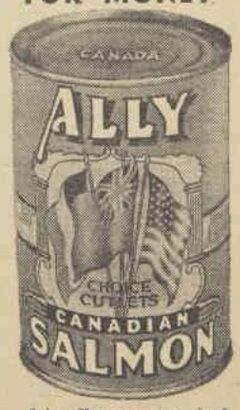

It's flavour sealed

In quarter, half and one pound tins.

The Australian Women's Weekly

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OMELETTES . . . *and Souffles*

● Now that eggs are cheaper you can serve these ever-popular dishes frequently without feeling you are being extravagant. And there's nothing more appetising than a piping-hot omelette fresh from the pan or a fluffy souffle straight from the oven.

By MARY FORBES • Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

BECAUSE of their richness in food values the use of plenty of eggs in family cooking is wise indeed.

And among the most delicious of all egg dishes are omelettes and souffles.

Omelettes

FRESH eggs are absolutely essential to success in omelette making.

The light, fluffy texture of an omelette requires egg-whites that may be beaten to a stiff froth. It is impossible to make a light omelette with stale eggs.

Slow and gradual heat is best for cooking omelettes. If heated too quickly the mixture becomes very tough.

Allow two eggs for one person, but if making for a number of people fewer eggs may be used—say, eight eggs for ten people.

Use a thick pan, preferably one kept only for cooking omelettes. Melt 1oz. butter in pan, and when sizzling add the egg mixture.

Omelettes should be served immediately they are done. Never try to keep them hot in an oven; they become tough and flat.

PLAIN FOUNDATION OMELETTE

Three eggs, 3 tablespoons hot milk or water, salt and pepper to taste, butter for pan.

Separate yolks from whites of eggs. Beat whites until very stiff. Beat yolks till thick and a pale yellow color. Add to them the hot milk or water, salt and pepper. Fold into this mixture the stiffly-beaten whites. Mix lightly and evenly through. Slightly heat the omelette pan and melt enough butter in it to well grease the bottom and sides. Pour egg mixture into pan and cook over a slow heat until puffy and a light brown underneath. Then place under a griller or in the oven until top is set and lightly browned. Loosen edges of omelette, cut through middle, slip a flexible knife under omelette, fold one half over the other, press lightly together. Serve at once on a hot plate garnished with parsley.

TOMATO OMELETTE

Use plain foundation omelette recipe, 2 medium-sized tomatoes, 1 dessertspoon butter, ½ teaspoon salt, sugar, and a little pepper.

Melt butter in pan. Slice tomatoes, sprinkle with sugar, salt, and pepper and cook in melted butter until soft but not broken. Make omelette in usual way, placing the sliced tomatoes on the omelette before folding it over. Rashers of grilled bacon may be served as an accompaniment.

RASPBERRY OMELETTE

Five eggs, 1 tablespoon castor sugar, pinch salt, 1 dessertspoon butter, 3 tablespoons raspberry jam, squeeze lemon juice.

Separate yolks from whites, beat whites stiffly. Add to yolks the castor sugar and pinch of salt, beat well until sugar has dissolved, then mix lightly with whites. Slightly heat the frying pan and add the butter. Pour mixture in, and cook slowly until light and set, then cook under griller to lightly brown the top. Have raspberry jam and lemon juice heating in saucepan. When omelette is cooked, fold over and pour jam around it. Serve very hot and immediately it is cooked.

RUM OMELETTE

Two eggs, 2 tablespoons warm milk, 2 teaspoons sugar, 1 tablespoon rum, 1 dessertspoon butter.

Separate yolks from whites. Beat whites to a stiff froth. Beat yolks, add warm milk, fold in the stiffly-beaten whites. Melt butter in small omelette pan. Pour in mixture, cook slowly until light and set. Brown in oven or under heated griller. When cooked fold over, sprinkle with sugar and place under griller till glazed. Pour over it the tablespoon of rum. Set a match to it and send to table alight.

HAM OMELETTES, appetising and nourishing, and easy to prepare. These are served with green peas and a garnishing of parsley.

THIS PICTURE shows you how to arrange the greaseproof paper round the souffle dish.

OYSTER OMELETTE, ASPARAGUS OMELETTE, CHEESE OMELETTE

These are made by using the foundation recipe and making **1 gill thick white sauce** and adding **1 doz. oysters** or **asparagus** cut into one-inch lengths, of **3 tablespoons grated cheese** to it. Pour on omelette before folding over. Always serve at once on well heated plates.

Souffles

TO prepare a mould for either a steamed or baked souffle, first coat mould well with butter. Then tie round it a thickly-folded and lightly buttered piece of paper to support souffle when it rises above level of the mould. Cover steamed souffles with buttered paper to prevent them becoming sodden while cooking.

ICED APRICOT SOUFFLE

One large tin apricots, 6oz. castor sugar, 3 yolks and 4 whites of eggs, 1 gill cream, 1 gill milk, 1 small tablespoon gelatine, chopped almonds.

Soak gelatine in ½ pint apricot syrup. Beat yolks of eggs, add castor sugar, and beat over a saucepan of boiling water for 5 minutes. Then dissolve gelatine over the boiling water and add to yolks and sugar. Rub apricots through a sieve, add puree to the partly whipped cream, then pour in the milk. Stir this mixture lightly into eggs, sugar, and gelatine. Beat over ice until it is just beginning to set, then add stiffly-beaten whites at the last moment. Pour into prepared mould and sprinkle thickly with chopped almonds. Place in refrigerator for about 2 hours. Remove paper band and serve in the mould.

STEAMED VANILLA SOUFFLE (with Foaming Wine Sauce)

Four whites and 3 yolks, 1oz. butter, 1 oz. flour, 1 gill milk, 1oz. castor sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla, pinch salt.

Prepare souffle mould with a piece of paper buttered on both sides tin. larger than top of mould to cover while steaming.

Melt butter in a saucepan, add flour and stir till smooth. Cook lightly, pour in milk and stir till boiling, add sugar and vanilla, then well-beaten yolks. Have whites beaten stiffly and stir into mixture very lightly. Pour into prepared mould, cover with paper and steam carefully and steadily for 40 minutes, turn out onto a hot dish and serve with foaming wine sauce.

Foaming Wine Sauce: One gill dry sherry, 1oz. castor sugar, yolks 2 eggs.

Slightly beat yolks with sugar, add sherry, pour into double saucepan over boiling water, whisk with two forks till a foaming, creamy consistency, but be careful not to overcook or it curdles. Serve at once in heated sauce boat.

BAKED SOUFFLE, with a garnishing of chopped nuts. Souffles should be served from the dish in which they are cooked.

CHEESE FONDU (Baked Souffle)

Three ounces dry grated cheese, 1oz. butter, ½oz. flour, 3 whites and 2 yolks eggs, ½ pint milk, salt, cayenne and extra butter for greasing mould and paper.

Prepare souffle mould. Melt butter in saucepan, stir in flour, add milk and boil well. Mix in 2 yolks of eggs off the heat, beat well, then stir in the cheese and add seasoning to taste. Whisk whites to a stiff froth and fold lightly into rest of mixture and stir evenly through. The mixture should be thin enough to pour into mould, so a little more milk may be necessary. Pour into prepared mould and bake in hot oven over 400 deg. F. for 30 minutes. Do not open oven door too often while souffle is cooking. Serve in the mould in which it is cooked and serve immediately.

The Kraft way to make golden-smooth Cheddar Sauce

Take 4 oz. packet Kraft Cheddar, ½ cup milk. Shred cheese into saucepan with 1 tablespoon milk. Heat and stir till melted smooth. Stir in rest of milk slowly over fire till smooth . . . and there's your luscious cheese sauce, all ready to pour over vegetables, salmon or spaghetti . . . gives them an exciting new flavour, and all these important food elements: proteins, energy units, vitamin A, and the bone and tooth building milk minerals, calcium and phosphorus. It takes a gallon of milk to make a single pound of Kraft!

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William Arnott Pty. Ltd., Homebush

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